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FRANK LESLIE'S
BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

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READ HEMYNG'S STORY, "ROB ROLLALONG;" BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

Topsy-Turvy; Or, The Boy Explorer, and the World Turned Inside Out.

CHAPTER XV.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—A "SURPRISE-PARTY" AND A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

FROM the North Cape the set of the current was to the southeast, and the *Last Hope* made good speed, the next landing being effected at an uninhabited spot in Russian Lapland, where the White Sea empties into the Arctic Ocean.

Though bleak and desolate at this point, there was to be noticed a new growth of vegetation, and the weather was so temperate that the night encampment of the party was a pleasant feature of the journey. Straight across the mouth of the White Sea, now, to the island called Kalgiev, visited somewhat by fishermen for seals, and then the current turned again to the northeastward, and Captain St. Clair informed his companions that they were bound for Nova Zembla.

This is one of a group of islands uninhabited, but frequented by Russian fishermen, to whose country it belongs. The ordinary Summer temperature of these islands had been set down in the books at thirty-five degrees, but our *voyageurs* found them rejoicing under the customary Summer heat of New York or Boston, and the stunted vegetation of the group making desperate efforts to assume a lively and florid aspect.

By this time the travelers had found it necessary to correct their clothing, until it presented quite a light and gauzy appearance.

This had been accomplished through the ingenuity of the ladies, who had turned the considerable stock of flannels into coats, pants and skirts, so that the party presented very much the appearance of an American watering-place group of tourists, as they stood on the beach at the foot of the mountainous range that skirts the edge of Nova Zembla, and looks off on the waters of Barentz Sea. As this group of islands is about four hundred miles long, our party made a second landing before leaving them—this time at what was known as "Ice Cape," on the northernmost extremity.

This extreme point of land displayed nothing significant of its name, no ice being anywhere visible, while the climate was unmistakably tropical.

Here, while strolling along the beach, Mrs. Houghton picked up the leaves of tropical plants, and looked wonderingly about for the shrubs on which they had grown. But Professor Corbeau, who was standing by, laughingly answered her inquiring gaze by saying:

"Those did not grow here, madam."

"How did they get here?" asked the lady.

"By precisely the same means by which we came."

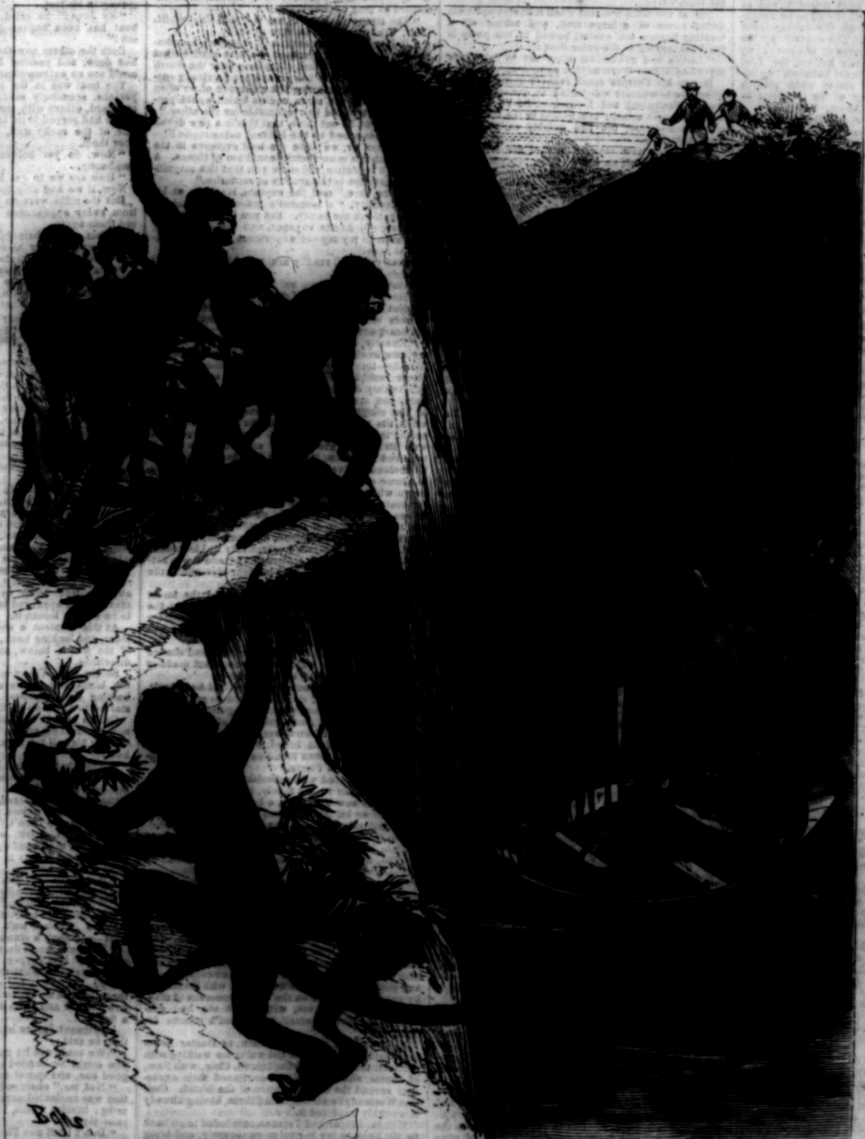
"In a boat?"

Now the professor laughed heartily, but seeing a shade of annoyance pass over Mrs. Houghton's face, he hastened to apologize.

"I ought to have been more explicit. The current which has swept us so far north brought these leaves from tropical regions."

"Can that be possible?" asked Emmeline, who had just come up and heard the words of the professor.

"It is perfectly possible," said Captain St. Clair, who was standing near, "and I have no doubt the professor's explanation is correct; but unless I very much mistake the situation, we shall find tropical vegetation before we get through that cannot be explained in that way."



"SOME OF THESE WERE ON BOARD, OTHERS WITH THE LONG ROPE IN THEIR HANDS WHICH HAD SERVED TO TIE HER, WERE MOVING ALONG THE SIDE OF THE ROCKY WALL, DRAGGING HER LABORIOUSLY AFTER THEM."

Here the captain turned away, smiling after a curious fashion of his when he designed to awaken curiosity without satisfying it, and his companions had long before found out that there was no use in questioning him. When he got ready he spoke, but not before.

From the Ice Cape the *Last Hope* crossed the great Kara Sea, making two landings on the coast of Siberia, without any specially interesting occurrence. The last of these landings was at seventy-seven degrees forty minutes north latitude, and from this point the current on which they rode took a sharp turn northward, very much disconcerting Captain St. Clair, who was now at the end of his geographical knowledge.

The weather had been growing warmer as they advanced northward, and there was now a difference in the heat, which, as Wilcox, who had been quite a traveler, said, reminded him of a trip he had once made to Peru.

The velocity of the current had increased also, and the captain estimated that they were making at the rate of six hundred miles in twenty-four hours. They had left their last landing-place in the early morning, and during all that day they saw no land.

Late that night, for the first time since they began their momentous journey, the sky became heavily clouded, and a strong wind sprang up, which speedily assumed the proportions of a gale.

Now the sailing qualities of the *Last Hope* were to be really tested, and when the alarmed passengers found that the light boat skimmed the crests of the great waves that soon began to foam, and sped before the wind like a sea-bird, their thankfulness may be imagined.

All were roused, and clinging to the sides of their frail craft, looked with astonishment and awe upon the mighty fury of the storm.

So loud was the blast as it whirled about and above them that conversation was impossible. Captain St. Clair and the lieutenant were both at the helm, which required more than the strength of one man to keep the boat's head well before the wind.

The ladies, meanwhile, were well protected, as they crowded together in the bottom of the boat, while Professor Corbeau and the two young men shielded them from the worst fury of the storm as best they could.

Terence Queeny had flung himself in a heap at the bow of the boat in a paroxysm of terror, to which no one paid any attention.

Suddenly there was a louder roar than the wind, and then peal upon peal of thunder resounded above the noise of the gale, and vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the sky.

This continued for at least an hour, and there seemed no signs of abatement, when, with a mighty rush, the sky seemed to open, and floods of rain poured down upon the sea and into the boat.

Lieutenant Jasper saw the danger at once, and springing to his feet, in a moment had unlashed the "drag," and while the young men hastily seized pans and cans from where they were stowed, and began bailing furiously, he succeeded in throwing the canvas sail over the heads of the whole party, and thus forming a roof, on which the rain descended harmlessly, to pour off at the sides and into the sea.

Just as this was done, Terence, who had sprung hastily to assist, and who now returned to his former place, cried out in a voice so shrill that it was heard clear above the noise of the storm:

"Be jabers, we're goin' ashore!"

The captain heard him, and looking forward, saw immediately before them a huge overhanging mass of rock, against which they were evidently about to be hurled with terrific force.

"Hard-down!" he shouted.

Instinctively the boat obeyed her helm and swung round into line with the land, which was now close beside them, and the next moment, and as those could see the danger expected to be instantaneously dashed to pieces on the rocks, these opened, as it were, by magic. The captain saw the chance, and changed the course of the boat in an instant, and the next that was known, the *Last Hope* glided into a narrow channel between two immense ledges of rock, and rested upon smooth water, almost beyond hearing of the terrible confusion of sounds that raged without.

As the boat slackened her speed the young men hastily flung aside the canvas cover, and all sat looking at each other, thoroughly astounded at this remarkable "transformation scene."

The situation was novel and impressive. The dark clouds which had overhung the waters were now receding, and bright sunlight was streaming through a rift, beyond which could be seen the blue sky.

By this light could be seen, on either hand, a lofty wall of black rock, between which the *Last Hope* floated in still water.

The boat appeared to be in a sort of cañon, or gulch, through which some inland body of water emptied into the sea.

Mrs. Houghton was the first to speak.

"Oh! captain," she cried, "what has happened, and where are we?"

"What has happened," repeated Captain St. Clair, "is easily enough understood. The wind has proved stronger than the current this time, being, as I suspect, a cyclone, and has blown us, just in the nick of time, into this place. But where we are I have no idea. One thing is certain, however," he continued, bestirring himself, "and that is that we must take hold now and do something for ourselves, if he don't want to be carried out again."

In fact, the stream running outward, they were beginning to lose the effect of the impetus which had brought them into it, and to drift toward the mouth again.

The oars were now got out, and Lieutenant Jasper, Greenough, Wilcox and Terence took places, and began to pull up-stream.

"What land do you suppose this is, captain?" asked Professor Corbeau.

"Oh, I am out of my reckoning, quite," was the response. "Between the current and the wind we have certainly been carried many hundred miles further north than has ever been reached by explorers before—at least, that we know anything about, and we are in an unknown region."

"How nice!" said Emmeline, who had just got her breath after the fright and excitement of the past few hours. "Then *we* are explorers?"

"Most certainly, young lady," said the professor, "and we are also discoverers, and shall certainly get gold medals from all the Geographical Societies when we get home again."

"Home again," echoed Wilcox, who was tugging at an oar manfully. "I would be glad to know which of us is sure of having any home. According to our recent experience, and if all that you scientific gentlemen have been saying is sound, the world is turned "Topsy Turvy," and we haven't any of us got any home worth speaking of."

This was said in a fashion so lugubrious, and yet so comical, that all laughed.

"Wait until we have reached the end of our journeyings, young man, before you repine," remarked the captain. "Our friends have not been idle all this time, and have probably made or found a home for us somewhere."

Here an exclamation from Mrs. Houghton attracted attention.

She was sitting near the bow, and happened to be the only one who was looking in the direction in which they were going.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried.

All turned to look in the same direction, and certainly the scene which opened before the astonished gaze of the party was sufficiently lovely, and surprising as well.

The passage through which they had been leisurely pulling the boat had made a sharp turn to the left. At this point the lofty rocks abruptly terminated, and now the *Last Hope* floated out of the entrance to the cañon into a broad lagoon, whose calm surface reflected the bright-blue sky, which now extended in all directions, and from which dense masses of black cloud afar off in the distance were being gradually dissipated as the sun rose higher in the heavens.

But the startling feature of the scene consisted in the fact that the shores which lined the lagoon on either side presented no characteristic common to the regions which they had recently visited.

It was, in fact, a tropical landscape!

A white, sandy beach, occasionally broken by unmistakable coral reefs, was washed by the waters of the lagoon.

Beyond the beach dense, matted undergrowth, apparently of mango and other tropical plants, stretched back into the interior of the land, and beyond this again were groves of cocoanut-palms, with limes and orange-trees growing luxuriantly, and tangled vines and creepers hanging in festoons from the branches of the loftier trees.

All cried out with delight and astonishment, as Mrs. Houghton had done.

"Was there ever anything so perfectly lovely?" said Emmeline, while the others rubbed their eyes to discover if they were indeed awake, and this was not a dream, after all.

"Well, thin, be jabers!" said Terence, sententiously, "this bates Banagher. Shure, captain, agra, ye've had yer compass bottom upward, an' we haven't been sailin' north afther all."

"By Jove!" cried Wilcox, "I'm inclined to Terence's opinion. Now, captain, are you quite sure you haven't been hoaxing us lately? Don't you think you've mistaken the Madeira Islands and Morocco for Nova Zembla and Siberia, and isn't this Senegambia and the other side of the equator instead of north of the Arctic circle?"

Seeing that Mrs. Houghton and her daughter looked as if they almost thought the error was possible, the captain gave them one of his sly looks and only answered the *Herald* correspondent by saying:

"How about the Laplanders, Wilcox?" whereupon the latter laughed, and turning to their oars again, the four rowers, with a few sharp strokes, brought the boat to shore.

As her prow grated on the sand, the professor bestirred himself, and threw his unwieldy form over the side of the boat, crying out, as he waved his cap in the air:

"Hurrah! I claim this land in the name of the Republic of France!"

And then he trotted up the beech and skipped about in great glee at having outwitted both John Bull and Brother Jonathan in the matter of appropriation.

But at this moment a voice was heard, apparently coming from a short distance behind the professor, saying:

"Not so fast, my fat friend; the Yanks have got the start of you."

And at the same moment a tall man stepped from under cover of a large tree, and taking off a weather-beaten sou'wester, bowed to the party in the boat, saying at the same time:

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself—Captain Wortendyke, at your service."

Before his hearers could recover from their surprise, the newcomer was joined by our old friends, Doctor Beaumont and Lieutenant De Vergne, and as Professor Corbeau recognized in the former an old acquaintance, the two quickly embraced, in French fashion.

The others now stepped out of the boat, the ladies being helped on shore by the two young men—for, in his surprise at finding an American and two Frenchmen before them in the new land, Captain St. Clair quite forgot his customary gallantry.

But this passed unobserved, for just then a young lad came out of the bush and joined the party, and he, on seeing Greenough, seemed suddenly excited at something.

This was none other than Sam, who, stepping to the side of the telegraph operator, began walking round him, scanning him from head to foot, until suddenly he dashed his straw hat on the ground and cried out:

"My brother Bob, by thunder!"

The young man looked at him for an instant, then he sprang forward and threw his arms about him.

"Sam, where in the world did you come from, and how did you get here?"

And as these were precisely the questions that each one of both parties was desirous of having answered, all were presently gathered together in a group, conversing eagerly.

"Then," said Captain St. Clair to Lieutenant De Vergne, after a few moments passed in mutual explanation, "the same current which brought us here brought you here in advance of us."

"Precisely," said the other; "and we have been here just three weeks."

"You see," said Captain Wortendyke, "after getting into the Black Current we sheered off to the northeastward and went right up through Behring's Straits. Then we skirted the coast of Alaska, made a set to the nor'ard a little, turned east through Jones's Sound and into Baffin's Bay, and southard through Davis's Straits, when we rounded Cape Farewell and cut right across the ocean. We sighted the coast of Ireland, and didn't see land again until we passed the North Cape. And the first time we set foot on dry land after we tumbled out of the Rio Grande was when we ran the *Admiral* up high and dry on the beach at the other side of this island."

"Then it is an island?" asked Mrs. Houghton.

"Oh, yes, madam," replied Captain Wortendyke. "It is an island, and as pretty a one as you might wish to see. With all the fruits, and everything else one could wish, that you find in the tropics. There isn't a bug, snake or beast on it that a lady need be afraid of."

"The captain is stating the exact fact," here remarked Doctor Beaumont, "for while there is plenty of game, we have not found an objectionable creature."

"Quite an earthly Paradise," said Emmeline.

"Needing, until you ladies came, only the presence of angels to make it perfect," said Lieutenant De Vergne, quickly.

This was so bold and clever a compliment that all laughed heartily, and it was quite plain that the two parties thus strangely thrown together were to be great friends.

"But you must come and see how we live," said Doctor Beaumont, "and admire our housekeeping."

"And where do you live?" asked Emmeline.

"About a mile from here, on the other side of the island. We landed there, and finding it pleasantly situated, we settled down on the spot."

"And did not your camp suffer from the storm last night?" asked Mrs. Houghton.

"You would have thought so," replied Lieutenant De Vergne, "if you had seen it this morning. We were quite flooded out, and left Pierre, our cook, now at work getting his household articles into shape again."

"And a French cook!" ejaculated Emmeline.

"Indeed, I should say so," cried Sam, who now drew near, hanging on to the arm of his newly-found brother, "you ought to try our turtle-soup."

"I should be very happy to try it," said Emmeline, laughing; "and, to tell the truth, I would have no objections to trying something eatable pretty soon, for I am nearly starved."

"In fact," said Captain St. Clair, "we have had no breakfast this morning, and I suspect we are all more or less hungry. But as our equipment is the nearest, we will depend on the *Last Hope* once more for a meal, and accept your hospitality later on."

And as there was no objection raised to this, all turned to get the necessary articles out of the boat, and began to make preparations for breakfast.

The sail, which had answered so many useful purposes, had already dried in the sun, and this was spread on the grass for a cloth. A fire was kindled, and Lieutenant Jasper brought out from his stores the daintiest articles they had left—for their stock of provisions was by this time considerably diminished—and with the assistance of Terence, and under the general supervision of the ladies, a very palatable breakfast was soon prepared, and was partaken of by the entire company with a hearty appetite.

After breakfast the party divided up for a ramble in twos and threes, and under the guidance of the passengers of the *Admiral*, set out to explore the island.

Captain St. Clair had resumed his customary place at the side of Mrs. Houghton, but now found his claim disputed by no less a person than the French lieutenant, who was a great admirer of ladies, and who had been quite impressed with the charming manners and distinguished air of the New York widow.

In like manner, and to his great amusement, Robert Greenough discovered that he was being superseded by his newly-discovered brother.

Sam attached himself to the fair Emmeline, and devoted himself with great assiduity to attending to her comfort. But he was none the less glad to be in the company of his brother, and was frequently observed to gaze at the latter with evident affection and admiration.

After leaving the beach the party plunged into the thick woods, where monkeys were to be seen and heard, as they leaped from tree to tree, chattering vociferously. They were of the Brazilian type, not very large, and not ferocious. There were also parrots of brilliant plumage and other tropical birds, while bright-hued lizards darted across the path of the explorers.

"How strange it is," said Mrs. Houghton, as they walked leisurely in the shadow of the great forest-trees, "that this beautiful spot should have remained so long undiscovered."

"The strangest thing to me is," said Captain St. Clair, "that it should be here at all."

"It is certainly remarkable," observed Lieutenant De Vergne, "at least, at the first glance, that we should find a tropical climate so near the North Pole. And yet there has always been a strong suspicion abroad concerning the existence of an open Polar Sea, and the same causes which would produce the one would be responsible for the other."

"Then you do not think that this is a new development occasioned by the Isthmus catastrophe?"

"My dear sir, we have the best evidence in the world that this is an ancient condition of things. A moment's reflection will show you that this magnificent vegetation is the growth of centuries."

"To be sure," said the captain, laughing at his own stupidity, "a moment's reflection would, as you say, teach me better. But you must remember I am an old Arctic voyager, and this completely overturns all my my old experience and my education at once."

"And yet is all readily accounted for on natural grounds."

"How so, pray?"

"Have you any idea of our present latitude?"

"Not the vaguest. The last I knew of that, we were in seventy-seven degrees forty minutes, on the coast of Siberia."

"Exactly, at Cape Chelyuskin. Very well; you are now in eighty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude—three degrees further north than ever explorer reached before—and being in one hundred and twenty degrees thirty-two minutes east longitude, you are nearly opposite the present locality of the *magnetic pole*. Five hundred years ago, when the magnetic pole was on this side of the earth, the country which we know as Greenland was literally a 'green land,' and from this fact it received its name, though it had been discovered by Icelanders five hundred years before that, when the same condition existed. Being in the magnetic circle which surrounds the North Pole, and at the furthest distance possible from the magnetic pole—where it is always coldest—we find a hot climate, and the vegetation of the tropics."

"Very clearly explained, my dear sir," said the captain, who had listened attentively to Lieutenant De Vergne's scientific statements; "and it is a satisfaction to have some kind of clear idea about the matter."

By this time the party had penetrated the forest and reached its border on the opposite side of the island, and as they advanced into the open country leading down to the shore, a delightful scene was presented to their eyes.

On a knoll, thickly covered with grass and shaded by a small grove of palm-trees, was a hut made of bamboo, and thatched with long grass.

Near by a rude stone fire-place had been built, with a high chimney, and here could be seen Pierre Flamant working among his cooking-utensils.

A little spot had been palisaded off on one side, and within the inclosure were several goats, of a peculiar, silky-haired breed, which Lieutenant De Vergne said had been found on the island and captured by Sam and Pierre.

The latter stared with astonishment on seeing the large accession to his family, but he said nothing. Only, as he saw the ladies, a broad grin brightened and widened his features, and he raised his cap in a respectful salute, which was duly acknowledged.

"So this is your French cook?" said Emmeline to Captain Wortendyke, who chanced to be near her.

"Yes, this is Pierre, and the prince of cooks he is, too."

"We will give you a taste of his quality pretty soon, mademoiselle," remarked Doctor Beaumont. "Pierre, you must do your best, for it has been a long time since we have had ladies for guests."

"I won't disgrace you, doctor, never fear," replied Pierre.

"I tell you, Miss Emmeline, you ought to just taste his turtle steaks," said Sam, who was by this time well acquainted with all the newcomers. He had particularly ingratiated himself with Emmeline, by procuring for her on the walk specimens of magnificently-hued flowers, with which she had graciously decorated herself, to the lad's intense delight.

As it was not yet noon, when, as Doctor Beaumont said, it would grow too warm for walking with comfort, the ladies and Captain St. Clair, with Sam, of course, and his brother, continued their excursion around the circumference of the island. Captain Wortendyke accompanied them, having already thoroughly explored it.

Wilcox, Jasper and Terence concluded to go back to the boat, to lay her up more securely, and bring certain articles to the camp on the other side.

They found their way through the woods to the spot easily enough. There was the beach, there the particular cocoanut palm on which Wilcox had first set his eyes, there was the coral reef, but the boat was nowhere to be seen!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE ISLAND.

CAREFUL search proved unavailing, and the three men were forced to come to the conclusion that the boat was absolutely lost.

"An' bedad, they say this place is uninhabited," said Terence, after a vain search in every direction.

"Oh, she must have broke away," said Wilcox.

"The divil a break. I tied her last meself to that bit of a tree yonder, an' she's niver bruk loose widout hands."

"Surely the rest of the party could not have got here before us and gone off with her?" queried Lieutenant Jasper.

"Why should they?" asked Wilcox. "And, besides, they went along the edge of the other shore, and could not have got here before us."

The whole of the bay, or lagoon, could be plainly seen from where they stood, as it was not more than a mile in circumference, and the boat was not in it.

Lieutenant Jasper reflected for a moment, then he cried:

"Let us climb up this bluff; she must have gone up the way we came in."

At once they all three started, and began to climb the heights, which were only precipitous on the side next the water, though still affording a pretty good climb.

In fact, it took about ten minutes before Jasper, who was ahead, reached the summit. When he did he paused for a moment to breathe, and then, being joined by the others, moved cautiously to the edge of the cliff.

Arrived there, the entire length of the cañon was in sight, but it was only by throwing himself flat on his face that the lieutenant could obtain a view over the side.

Having done this, and approached closely to the edge, he looked in both directions. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"By Jove!" he cried, "Terence is right. The boat has been captured. Look for yourself and see!"

Both the others now threw themselves flat, as he had done, and peering down into the abyss they could see an extraordinary sight.

The boat was in the possession of a number of persons, seemingly savages. Some of these were on board, others with the long rope in their hands which had served to tie her, were moving along the side of the rocky wall, dragging her laboriously after them.

"Now, do yer belave me?" said Terence, triumphantly.

"How are we to get her back?" asked Wilcox. "Now, if we had only thought to bring our rifles."

But the rifles were on board the *Last Hope*, and from every appearance they were little likely to see them again.

"What can be their object in dragging her, when, if they only let her alone, she would drift out?" said Wilcox, after a moment.

"It is certainly a queer thing to do," responded Jasper, "but I suppose they are afraid of losing control over her. But is it not remarkable that the French party should never have discovered these savages?"

"Perhaps they have not been over this way much," was the rejoinder of the *Herald* correspondent.

In the meantime Terence had not remained with the others, but had strolled along the edge of the cliff, and just then, as they looked after him, they saw him beckoning to them to follow him.

Both rose from their recumbent positions and followed the Irishman, and on reaching him obeyed the direction of his gestures, which seemed to signify that they should keep back from the edge.

This they did, and Terence stole softly down to join them.

"Whisht!" he said, in an excited whisper. "The divils have got shtuck. They've got the rope round a three, and haven't wits enough to loosen it. Jist crape up there an' see it fur yersilf."

Lieutenant Jasper followed the suggestion, and found that they had reached a point just opposite where the savages were working with the boat.

It was as Terence had said. In dragging the rope they had somehow managed to get it twisted about a tree which overhung the water from a crevice, and appeared to have so fastened it as not to be able to loosen it.

At this moment a shout was heard from behind them, and looking back, they saw Sam running out of the woods below, and looking for them in all directions.

Seeing him, Wilcox ran back some distance from the bluffs and answered the call, and presently hearing the response, Sam waved his hat and started to climb up to them.

On his arrival the lad was soon informed of the new occurrence, and going to the edge of the rocks, saw for himself the savages still trying to loosen the boat.

"Well, that beats all," said he. "Those fellows must live over there on the other side, and that's the only place Captain Wortendyke and the lieutenant haven't explored. But what is to be done? You don't want to lose your boat."

"Indeed we don't," said Lieutenant Jasper. "Captain St. Clair wouldn't take a thousand pounds for that boat if—— But what's the use of talking about money in this region? Anyhow, we must not lose her."

"If the *Admiral* was only here we'd soon have her," said Sam, proudly.

"Who's the admiral?"

Sam burst out laughing.

"The *Admiral* isn't a 'who,' it's a boat—our boat—and she's a stunner, I tell you."

"Well, she won't do us much good since she is not here," said Jasper, who was quite at a loss.

"I'll tell you what we can do," cried Sam, suddenly. "You can fire stones and holler, and scare those fellows away, and I can drop into the water down below and swim down to it. I can swim like a fish."

Lieutenant Jasper looked at the boy admiringly, then he said:

"We could not let you take such a risk, my lad; you might be carried outside; but your idea is a good one, and one of us might try it."

"Not me," observed Wilcox; "my early education was neglected precisely in the matter of swimming; besides which, I suspect those fellows might raise my hair."

"Don't I tell you I'll go?" insisted Sam. "Why, I pass more'n half my time in the water, an' it's only about a hun'red yards of swimming. You stay up, then, lieutenant, an' when I get down to the water's edge fire rocks an' yell, an' they'll scatter."

And before the other could stop him, the boy was racing down the hill, and was soon at the water's edge.

"It's a plucky thing to do," said Wilcox. "Do you believe he'll get hurt?"

"Not if I can help it," said Jasper. "You stay there with Terence, and do the attack, and I'll go with the boy."

"All right," returned Wilcox. "Say the word when you want us to begin. Terence, can you holler pretty loud?" he added, turning to the Irishman as Jasper hurried after Sam.

"Holler, is it? Jist you wait an' I'll scare thim salvages till they'll think there's a rigimint of us."

The others had by this time gained the beach, and could be seen removing their shoes and a portion of their clothes.

Presently Lieutenant Jasper waved his hand, and then Wilcox, who, with Terence, had in the meantime gathered a pile of good-sized stones, raised a tremendous shout—which was nothing, however, to the demoniac yells with which the Irishman presently split the air.

At the same moment they commenced hurling a cloud of stones at the savages, some of which fell in the water, while others reached them, making the dust fly in all directions.

The effect was magical.

In an instant the whole party left the boat and began to scale the rocks with marvelous agility, screaming fiercely and in evident terror as they did so.

Wilcox was about renewing the fire of stones, when his attention was attracted to the Irishman, who had flung himself on the ground, and was rolling over and over, screaming with laughter.

"Get up, you loon! What is the matter with you?" cried Wilcox, out of patience with what he considered untimely levity. "Get up, confound you!" and he approached Terence with an ominous gesture.

The Irishman sprang to his feet, and catching Wilcox by the arm, drew him to the edge of the cliff, when, pointing at the retreating figures, he cried:

"Begorra, thim's no salvages; thim's *munks!*"

"*What!*" cried the *Herald* correspondent.

"Munks, bedad. Monkeys, baboons, apes, gorillas, an' all the rest of it."

And the Irishman went off once more into a paroxysm of laughter.

A glance at the creatures that were now scurrying, chattering as they fled, up the side of the cliffs opposite, speedily satisfied Wilcox that Terence was right, and he shouted aloud himself at the joke.

But now he remembered the two swimmers, and crawling to the edge of the rock again, he reached it just in time to see Jasper and Sam as they climbed into the boat.

They had dropped down easily with the current, and had made the discovery of the nature of their enemies at the moment when the latter first fled on being attacked from the concealed foe above.

It was as much as the lieutenant and his companion could do to get into the boat, so they were convulsed with laughter at the disclosure of the manner in which they had been humbugged by the cunning monkeys.

After resting a moment to enjoy the joke, Sam, who could climb like a cat, crept along the ledge of rock where the tree grew about which the rope was fast. Jasper, in the meantime, got out the oars, and when the boy loosened the rope and jumped into the boat, he had them in the water, and they were soon gliding swiftly up stream to their former anchorage.

Here they found Wilcox and Terence awaiting them, and all together sat down and amused themselves in talking over the trick that the monkeys had played upon them.

Jasper and Sam were soon dressed, and the next question that arose was what to do with the boat. They dared not leave it there alone. They could not carry all its contents at one trip. But here Sam's knowledge of the topography of the country came in to do good service.

"Why, lieutenant," said he, "there's nothing difficult about it. Just above there, where you see that little point making out into the lake, there's a creek that runs clean round to the other side of the island. All we've got to do is to get in the boat and pull 'round."

"Pity we hadn't known that at first," remarked Wilcox.

"Well, you can't learn all the geography of a country in a minute," responded the boy.

"Do you dignify this bit of an island by the name of a country," said the *Herald* correspondent, provokingly.

"Well, it ain't Africa—but, then, you ain't Stanley," retorted the boy, who had already discovered the avocation of his tormentor.

"You've got it now," said Jasper, laughing.

Wilcox took it all in good part. All he said was "Funny boy," and then all got into the boat, and Wilcox and Terence pulling, they soon reached the mouth of the creek.

Fortunately, this was quite wide and deep, and they easily rowed along its course, which lay straight through the forest, and, after half an hour's easy work, brought them to the sea on the other side at a point about half a mile from the camp.

They dragged the boat well up on the beach, and tied and anchored her fast, so that, as Terence remarked, "It would take more nor munks ter set her adrift agin."

Then they walked down to the camp, which they reached just as dinner was ready, finding the whole party gathered together and discussing the question of going after them.

The story of the monkeys served to furnish food for merriment, to add to the pleasures of the splendid repast which Pierre Flamant had prepared for the unexpected but most welcome guests of the *Admiral*.

His turtle soup, with various birds roasted to perfection, and a splendid dessert of native fruits, with various kinds of wines, concluding with some of his excellent coffee, furnished a repast which called forth the highest praise from all at table. For here a veritable table was laid in the shade of the trees, and snowy linen and the service furnished from Captain Wertendyke's wonderful boat, made those present forget for the moment that they were so many thousand miles away from the haunts of civilization.

Sam's bright idea, and his plucky determination to carry it out, regardless of the risk which really seemed at the moment serious, furnished the topic of conversation; and as Emmeline, who sat next to him, praised him without stint, Sam was perfectly happy.

Greenough was much chagrined at not having been with the others, and began to feel also somewhat annoyed at Emmeline's apparent preference for his brother. Indeed, that fickle young lady appeared determined to show her various lovers that she was quite undecided, and might at any moment change her fancy and leave them all in the lurch.

Mrs. Houghton and Captain St. Clair, however, were apparently tenacious of their regard for each other, though it was quite evident that the French lieutenant had by no means made up his mind that he could not beat the British captain in the course of time.

As for Professor Corbeau and Doctor Beaumont, they had struck up a grand friendship, and during dinner were earnestly discussing the probable geology of the remarkable island.

"By-the-way," said Mrs. Houghton, during a lull in the general conversation, "what do you call your beautiful island?"

The question was addressed to Lieutenant De Vergne, who gallantly responded:

"We waited, madam, until some fair lady should join us and favor us by naming it."

She laughed merrily as she answered:

"Well, you depended on the 'chapter of accidents,' sure enough."

"But since the 'chapter of accidents,' as you say, has befriended us, will you not give us the pleasure of becoming sponsor for our new home?"

"Since you ask me so prettily, I could not be so ungracious as to refuse. But I fear I shall not be as successful as my daughter was in naming our boat."

And then the story of the *Last Hope*, and how they had found it, and how it had saved all their lives, had to be told; and Emmeline was complimented and flattered, and they were a very jolly and happy party, indeed.

"But about that name?" queried Lieutenant De Vergne, after a while.

And as there was apparently every necessity that the island should have a name, Mrs. Houghton "put on her thinking-cap," as she expressed it, and in a few moments announced that she had found one that she thought might answer.

"You must forgive me if there is something personal in my selection," said she; "but I will not keep you in suspense; only there is a little story connected with my idea which I must first relate—as an excuse for my choice."

All expressed themselves as very anxious, indeed, to hear her story, so she continued:

"Seven years ago," she began, "a dear friend, a schoolmate of mine, went to sea on board the *Jeannette*, which sailed from San Francisco for the Arctic regions, and was never again seen or heard from. He was one of the officers of the ship, and one of the best men in the world; and as he was very proud of his ship, and the voyage, and its projector, and everything concerning the matter; and then, too, as we have one of Mr. Bennett's ubiquitous envoys in our party, I would like—if no one objects—to call this lovely island—*Jeannette*."

Everybody applauded, and the *Herald* man was called upon at once for a speech, which he delivered after the graceful and eloquent manner of his fraternity; and the island was then and there named and christened after the ill-fated exploring vessel; the two captains declaring that immediately after dinner they should insert the name of "Jeannette Island" in its proper place in their charts.

* * * * * *

The days now passed for our explorers in perfect tranquillity and serene enjoyment.

The Isthmus party, charmed with the attraction afforded by the addition of two beautiful women to their society, could not do enough to show their appreciation of the boon.

At once all hands set to work to construct a pretty cottage of bamboo for the ladies, and each vied with the other to produce through his own ingenuity some article for comfort or adornment.

At all such handiwork Sam proved himself an adept, and quite outstripped the others in the originality of his ideas and the neatness of his workmanship. To Emmeline his attentions were, of course, particularly devoted, and he soon half-furnished her pretty little boudoir with articles of furniture and nick-nacks.

The days were passed in various avocations, the morning being devoted to long walks in different parts of the island.

Emmeline was a capital pedestrian, and so, indeed, was her mother, and they, with Sam and his brother and the captain, were constantly engaged in excursions.

Robert Greenough had by this time begun to feel that the rivalry of his brother was more serious than he had at first imagined. Sam was about Emmeline's own age, and she could be much more free with him than with the rather staid and sedate young telegraph operator, and as the latter could not possibly understand this, he began to be the least bit in the world inclined to jealousy.

Sam had always been a little envious of his elder brother, for his having advanced to a station in life rather better than his own; but he was not an ill-natured lad, and was greatly pleased to have met with his relative in this out-of-the-way part of the world.

But all this did not prevent his gaining a great deal of quiet amusement out of the idea of rivaling his senior in the regards of a stylish and handsome young New York belle.

As for being in love with her himself, such an idea never entered Sam's head. He liked her, and admired her, but when it came to *love*, he was in love with adventure, with a sailor's life, and just now with hunting monkeys and birds, fishing in the sea or the lagoon, and only attached himself as an escort to Emmeline when he thought that by so doing he could worry his brother.

One morning the party we have named were engaged in one of their long jaunts around the island, when they came upon Professor Corbeau and Doctor Beaumont, earnestly engaged in conversation, and curiously inspecting something in the hands of the former.

"It's gold-bearing quartz, not a doubt of it," said the former, as they came up.

"What's that?" asked Sam, whose quick ears had caught the remark. "Have you found a gold-mine?"

"Something like it, my lad, replied the professor, as he showed to the newcomers a piece of white stone, in which could be plainly discerned a number of small flakes which certainly bore the appearance of being gold.

"Where did you find it?" asked Greenough, after all had inspected the specimen.

"It was part of a little ledge of rock I saw cropping out of the ground just north of the lake," answered Professor Corbeau.

"Where is it? Tell us exactly," cried Sam, all excitement over the new discovery.

"Well, it's only a short distance," said Doctor Beaumont; "we can return there and show it to you."

All agreed eagerly to this, and hastening their steps, they soon approached the spot.

It was a small space of clear ground, no trees being near it, and on inspection proved to be near the termination of a ledge of rock overhanging a glen, some forty feet in depth, through which a small brook rippled peacefully on its way to the creek.

Here Doctor Beaumont paused, and taking a knife from his belt, cut the ground away for a little space, disclosing the edge of what was evidently a stratum of quartz cropping out at the surface.

The professor carried always a small hammer, and with this he chipped off a piece of rock, which, on examination, showed the presence of gold quite plainly.

Here was a discovery, indeed, and as the party left the spot to return to camp before the hotter part of the day set in, many were the glowing promises they made themselves in relation to the gold-mining which they purposed undertaking at once.

Sam, for a wonder, was quite silent. The boy was of an adventurous disposition, and was quietly cogitating within himself, and mustering a scheme by which he would surprise his companions when the time came.

It chanced that he had become quite familiar with this spot—which was on his usual route to the lagoon—though, not being a geologist, he had failed to discover the presence of gold.

That day, at dinner, the subject was discussed with great interest. Professor Corbeau was quite at a loss to account for the geological freak, though, as he said, there was no reason why gold should not be found in this latitude, since that metal was common in Russia and in the British provinces of North America.

Sam did not say much, but after dinner he had a long confab with Pierre Flamant, with whom he always maintained the most confidential relations.

That night, after all the others had retired, Sam got out of his bunk and waked up Pierre; and presently the two were walking briskly in the direction of the gold vein.

Having the sun in this region and at this season during most of the twenty-four hours, it was about the same as daytime, and the two had no difficulty in making their way through the woods to the spot they sought.

On arriving, Sam showed Pierre the projecting ledge of gold quartz, and then started for the bottom of the glen, winding about the rock which overhung it, and closely followed by the Frenchman.

Pierre saw that Sam had some defined purpose in his mind, and said nothing, as they crept around the bluff, and on to a narrow ledge which stretched along its side.

Sam was ahead, and the Frenchman a few yards behind him, when the former turned a corner and disappeared.

Pierre followed close after him, reached the same corner, and found, to his amazement, that the ledge here came to an end, and that Sam was nowhere to be seen.

He called to the boy, but received no answer. Again he shouted, but the echo caused by the glen was all the response he received. Looking down, he could see that the depth was at least twenty feet, and that Sam was not there.

Meanwhile, there did not seem to be a spot to which he could have retired, or a crevice into which he could have fallen. After calling until he was hoarse, Pierre retired along the ledge in the way he had come, and then, descending into the glen, searched in every direction.

Thoroughly alarmed by this time, and almost inclined to believe that his companion had been by some means spirited away, Pierre Flamant at length reluctantly left the spot to hasten to camp and arouse a party to go in search of Sam.

(To be continued.)

"Topsy-Turvy" was commenced in No. 866.

MAKING MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN.

[A Hempstead boy who is learning to be an "audacious tar" sends us the following interesting article, printed on board the Training-ship.—ED.]

THE United States Training-Ship *Minnesota* has been cruising up the North River, and has received many recruits from the boys in the river counties. On board are about three hundred bright-faced youths who are fitting themselves for service in the navy. The discipline is firm and thorough throughout the prescribed course, and a visit to the vessel at any time reveals an interesting system of instruction that is admirably maintained. The department of seamanship, in which recruits are trained, embraces practical seamanship, sail-making, the use of diving apparatus, signals and boats, and the art of swimming. A "monkey topsail" is fitted to one of the "yards," on which the boys are drilled before being sent aloft. Studies are marked out in the "Young Seaman's Manual," and the lads are also taught to reef, loose, furl, bend and unbend sails. Laying the boys aloft and out on the yards is a part of the regular daily routine, and is continued until they are thoroughly accustomed to the exercise. The captains of the "tops" are sent aloft previously, and as far as possible the orders given are those employed in loosing and furling sails. In these preliminary exercises the boys are permitted to take their time, and are never hurried. They also learn to use the palm and needle in sewing, working eyelet-holes, roping and the draughting of sails. A fine collection of working models may be seen on board. They are found a very efficient means of instruction. The gunnery department embraces the theory and practice of gunnery, including the study and exercise of the howitzer afloat and ashore, the Gatling gun, infantry, pistol and broadsword exercises, boxing and the use of torpedoes. The manual is the "Gunnery Text Book," issued by the Naval Bureau of Ordnance.

The infantry exercises are in accordance with United States Army tactics, and the broadsword exercise is the same as that taught at the Naval Academy. The department of machinery embraces instruction in the coaling and working of fires, the construction and operation of boilers, steam and water-gauges, the action of the piston and side-valves of a steam-engine, etc. Boys who display some aptitude for mechanical pursuits and are otherwise qualified, are selected upon their own application for instruction in the engineer's force. They are taught to file, cut threads with taps and dies, solder, etc., and are initiated into blacksmith work and in making and fitting patches for boilers. They coal and work the fire under the auxiliary boiler when in use, jack the main engines, move the valve-gear and perform the general work of firemen. During the afternoons of the Winter months practical instruction is given in the machine-shop of the Navy Yard, and during the Summer in the engine and fire rooms of the vessel. Students in this department are retained on board the Training-Ship two years, and have opportunities for handling machinery and managing fires on such coasting steamers as may be designated by the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting of the Navy Department. The department of studies teaches elementary English branches, including singing. It has an upper and lower class, and instruction is given daily in these subjects.

Boys between the ages of fifteen and seventeen may enlist in the navy, provided they come up to the following requirements: The candidate must be of robust frame, intelligent, of perfectly sound and healthy constitution, free from any physical defects or malformation, and not subject to fits. He must as a rule be able to read and write. No material deviation will be allowed from the following measurements: Height without shoes. Boys between fifteen and fifteen and a half years, four feet ten and a half inches, chest twenty-nine inches; between fifteen and a half and sixteen years, four feet eleven and a half inches, chest twenty-nine and a half inches; between sixteen and sixteen and a half years, five feet one inch, chest thirty inches. Boys, however, who do not quite reach this standard of height and measurement, may be enlisted by special order of the Naval Department, if in all other respects they are desirable. Each boy, on presenting himself for enlistment, must be accompanied by his father or mother, or his guardian. The parent or guardian, however, who is unable to accompany his son or ward to the place of enlistment, will be furnished on written application to the commanding officer, with duplicates of a printed form, by which the boy's enlistment will be perfected in case he is accepted by the examining officers. All expenses of travel have to be paid by candidates whether they are accepted or not. If a boy is considered fit for the service the engagement to serve continuously until he reaches his majority is read and explained to him, he signs the agreement and is enlisted. Preference is given to the sons of old sailors and soldiers.

When a boy is received on board he must at once come under the régime. He is required to take a bath, have his hair neatly trimmed by the barber, and be vaccinated, without regard to any previous vaccination. The master-at-arms points out to him his hammock-hook and number, showing him how to lash and carry his hammock, and where he is to take it when it is ordered up for stowage in the nettings. From the start a boy is taught to keep his clothes in good order and in thorough repair. Cleanliness of person and clothing is strictly enforced, and much stress is laid upon it at all inspections.

As a rule the boys wear their workings until they are out of debt. Every article of clothing is distinctly marked with the name of its owner immediately after it is issued. Prompt and cheerful obedience to orders, and a respectful bearing toward those in authority, are insisted upon. The boys are taught to regard the training-ship as a home, and every effort is made to render it as comfortable and attractive as possible. Singing and dancing are permitted on proper occasions. Every boy is required to attend divine service, which is not sectarian, unless excused by the written request of parents or guardians. Those who have passed through a training-ship with credit, and have made a foreign cruise of two and a half or three years, if their services are required, are received on board a training-ship as assistant instructors.

On coming on board a boy is furnished by the paymaster, upon approved requisition, with the following articles of clothing, the cost of the outfit being charged to his account, unless previously paid for by parent or guardian: One pair blue trowsers, two working-suits of white duck, one cloth cap and ribbon, two blue flannel overshirts, two pairs of woolen socks, two pairs of shoes, one half-handkerchief of black silk, two pocket-handkerchiefs, two towels, two blankets, one mattress and two covers, one jack-knife and lanyard, and a comb, tooth-brush, clothes-brush, scrubbing and blacking-brushes, a box of blacking and a bar of soap. In Summer a white frock and a pair of white trowsers are added, and for cold weather a "monkey-jacket."

The daily routine is interesting. At reveille the boys turn out immediately, arrange their bedding in their hammocks, and lash them with the clews neatly twisted and turned in. When the hammocks are ordered up, each boy carries his hammock to the hammock-stower. Twelve minutes are allowed for stowing hammocks, and thirty minutes for washing, during the morning watch before drying down the decks. At this time the upper part of the body, the arms, and the person below the knees are washed.

The bathing of the boys is regulated by the commanding officer to suit the changes of weather and temperature. Bathing in the bath-rooms is indulged in at prescribed times, and when practicable the boys are given opportunities to swim. The call for early inspection is sounded thirty minutes before breakfast; when the boys form quickly on the quarterdeck in two ranks. They are inspected by the master-at-arms, assisted by the ship's corporals and schoolmasters under the eye of the officer of the deck. They are then mustered, each boy answering as his name is called, and passing forward in front of the officer of the deck.

The bulletin-board is examined every morning before breakfast for such instructions or orders as may be posted, and at the proper time the boys must be dressed in uniform and have a handsome polish on their shoes. On the evening preceding the day for scrubbing clothes the word will be passed for the boys to take their soiled clothing from their bags, and be prepared to wash it as soon as hammocks are stowed in the morning. Officers remain on deck while the boys are washing or otherwise engaged during the morning watch, to preserve order, and see that they properly perform the duties assigned them. At 8.45 A.M., daily, the sick-call is sounded, when all who are sick or who wish to see the medical-officer report at the "Sick Bay." Officers having charge of boys in boats or ashore are ordered to prohibit the use of all unripe or unwholesome food, and the lads are not allowed at any time to sleep out of their hammocks nor to lie about the decks.

Pocket-money is allowed when a boy is out of debt at the discretion of the commanding officer. Leave of absence is granted for forty-eight hours upon the request of parent or guardian, and leave for an occasional afternoon is granted.

The following punishments are greatly dreaded: Toeing a seam; keeping a masthead lookout; boys of careless habits are made to carry clothes, hammocks or bags on their shoulders for two hours a day, not exceeding five days; restriction in leave of absence not to exceed one month; extra watch, not to exceed four hours, for one week on alternate nights; withholding pocket-money, not to exceed two months, and solitary confinement not longer than five days. Severer punishments are only ordered by a court-martial.

At the expiration of each quarter the commanding officer forwards to the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting a report showing the names of boys under his command, their classes, relative progress and standing, their aptitude, deportment, the number of times they have been reported for misconduct, and the punishments inflicted. The daily routine is strictly carried out whenever the weather permits, and is not interrupted by ship's work except in cases of urgent necessity. Officers and petty officers, in their respective stations, are required to report all skulking, and to point out those who merit praise. There is a cozy little library for reading and writing, which is well stocked with standard works. The schoolmaster having charge of it issues books, periodicals and newspapers for reasonable and limited periods under certain regulations. The sleeping deck is kept well lighted at night, and one of the ship's corporals is on duty all night. Young recruits are not "hazed," and the officers have a sharp lookout for their welfare. Practical joking is strictly forbidden, quarreling or fighting is severely punished, and gambling and the use of tobacco are also against the rules.

BROKEN SHELLS—STORY OF A PONY WHO GOT HIS BACK UP.

THE village-like serenity which reigns on Dolores Street, says the *San Francisco Post*, lately, was yesterday broken by the unseemly antics of a sorrel horse, scarcely exceeding in size the diminutive species peculiar to the Shetland Isles.

Upon the back of this pygmy steed a boy was seated, bearing several dozens of those extremely popular, but extremely indigestible, productions known as eggs. Knowing the fragile character of his freight, the juvenile was duly careful thereof; but the horse did not join in the opinion—became restive, and finally stopped altogether, varying his state of inertia by an occasional ascension of his hind legs into the empyrean.

Seeing the unnatural order of things, a Celestial of Samaritanic instincts hastened to evolve a more normal condition, and, going up, gave the ill behaved equine a prod with a pole he carried. In an instant the pony shot out with its off hind leg; there was a thud—a groan, and the countryman of Confucius rose toward the zenith, landing on *terra firma* with the point of a badly-worn horse-shoe imprinted upon the frontal curve of his cranium.

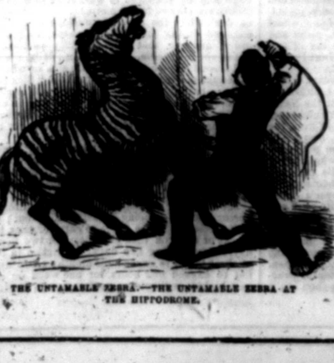
At the same instant the pugnacious horse started off at full speed, bringing-to, after a passage of three rounds, with a suddenness that sent the rider, eggs and basket, forty feet into the air.

The attraction of gravitation brought all to the earth with considerable violence; the boy rose windless and with an arm sprained; the basket had a hole punched in its side, and the eggs, broken to fragments, covered the street for several feet in every direction with a coating of albumen.

The pony, taking a hasty survey of the scene, and seemingly rejoiced at the havoc it had caused, gave a snort and put for parts unknown; while the boy crawled home, feeling anything but eggs-hilarant.

THE UNTAMABLE ZEBRA.

THE zebra is found in South Africa. This beautiful animal lives in troops among the mountains, shunning the presence of man. It is a very conspicuous animal, and easily distinguished by the regular stripes of brownish-black with which its whole body is covered even down to the hoofs. It is very wild and suspicious, carefully placing sentinels to look out for danger. Notwithstanding these precautions, several zebras have been taken alive, and some, in spite of their vicious habits, have been trained to draw a carriage. Like the ass, it has a black cross on the back and shoulders. The voice of the zebra is very peculiar, and can scarcely be described. Attempts to break and tame the animal have never succeeded. A zebra long kept in Barnum's Hippodrome defied all attempts to tame him. He was considered the most vicious animal in the menagerie. He got loose one day, and in attempting to capture him the watchman, John Weaver, was knocked down and badly kicked. He got up, however, and by the free use of a cowhide succeeded in getting the brute back into his stall. The zebra proved so wicked after he was caged that it was with great difficulty that the halter was put on him, and his fierce screams and kicks aroused the other animals, who at once set up a terrible roar, and for a few minutes it seemed as though pandemonium was let loose.



THE UNTAMABLE ZEBRA.—THE UNTAMABLE ZEBRA AT THE HIPPODROME.

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ROB ROLLALONG AT HOME.

"I SAY he shall."

"I say he sha'n't."

"Tell you he will."

"Tell you he won't."

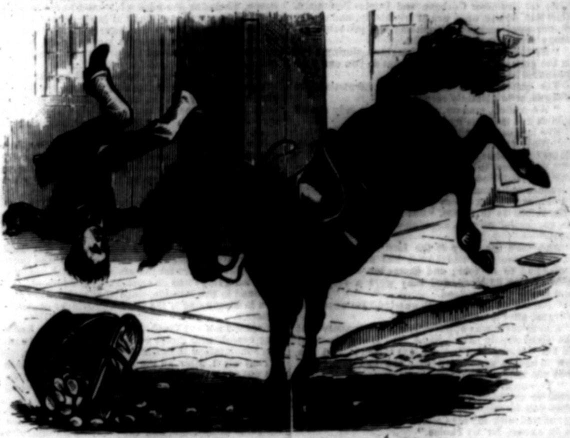
"By thunder! he SHALL, or I'll lick the skin off his back, and that settles it."

The speakers were Mr. and Mrs. Rollalong.

The scene formed a little domestic picture, more or less common in many homes.

A fine, handsome, curly-headed boy, about eleven years of age, was clinging to his mother's arm. She was sitting in a rocking-chair, in the kitchen of a small seaside cottage, while her husband stood over the child in a threatening attitude.

The woman had once been very handsome, and still preserved traces of her former beauty, though she was somewhat pale and careworn.



BROKEN SHELLS.—STORY OF A PONY WHO GOT HIS BACK UP.

As for the man, he was rough and rugged, fierce and determined in his manner, and overbearing.

He was nearly five-and-forty, and ten years older than his wife.

Rob Rollalong, the boy to whom we have alluded, was the only child they had living.

Old Rollalong, as he was called, was an oyster and fisherman, who lived in a cottage in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, on the Woodbridge side of that quaint and mildewed old town, which irresistibly carries the stranger back to the days of good Queen Anne, whose ghost you might expect to see perambulating the grass-grown streets at night-time. Rob was not what is called a good boy.

He had his faults.

It was the month of June, and on the present occasion he had been stealing cherries from a neighbor's tree, his father catching him in the act of eating the purloined fruit.

Knowing he had no money, he accused him of the theft, which Rob admitted.

Thereupon his father insisted that he should take them back to their owner, apologize for what he had done, and stand his chance of a thrashing.

Rob was terribly alarmed at the idea of taking them to the owner, who was a very strict disciplinarian, and had declared that when he caught a boy stealing in his orchard he would beat him for the first offense and have him arrested for the second.

In his hand he always carried a supple switch, which he intended for the backs of orchard-breakers.

Mrs. Rollalong loved her boy, and could not bear the idea of his being punished by Mr. Brewster, the proprietor of the despoiled cherry-tree.

"If the boy has done wrong," she said, "whip him yourself; do not let any one else do it."

"He must be taught a lesson," replied Rollalong. "Now, see here. I'm an oysterman. I get my living by it."

"Such as it is," said his wife.

"No sneering; you live out of it, anyway," he answered. "Suppose I was to go in my neighbors' stakes and dredge their oysters, what would they think?"

"But you're a man."

"So will he be some day."

"He's only a child now, and you can't put old heads on young shoulders."

"I hate that cant."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Rollalong. "If you gave the boy ten cents oftener than you do, he would have no reason to steal; though taking a few cherries isn't a very great offense."

"It will lead to State prison."

"Oh, pshaw! How you talk! Take and let the boy alone."

"Not much. He's coming along with me to Brewster, and he shall take it out of his derned young hide."

"You unnatural brute!" said Mrs. Rollalong.

"Don't sass me too much, my lady, or I shall have something to say to you."

"Oh, it wouldn't be the first time you've hit me; but if you do it again I'll go straight to the judge and make you pay for it," she replied, firmly.

Their eyes met. He gave her a look of hatred.

"No one has a right to interfere between father and son—a father's authority is always sacred," he remarked.

"Has a mother no rights?" she asked.

"The law does not allow her any in such a case. But I'll waste no more time chinning. Come along, you rascal!"

As he spoke he seized the boy, and wrenched him away from his mother's side.

Mrs. Rollalong half rose from her chair, as if she had serious thoughts of interfering.

"Stay where you are, unless you want me to strike you," said her husband.

With a deep sigh she sank back in the chair, as her son disappeared through the cottage-door.

He was going to be delivered to the tormentor.

In one hand the fisherman held the boy's cap, full of ripe and ruddy cherries. In the other he clutched Rob's collar, and dragged him along the road.

Rob was a brave boy, and did not cry.

His heart was too full for tears, and it was growing so hardened through his father's severity that there was more anger than grief in it.

One kind word would have stopped him from ever again taking apples or cherries which did not belong to him.

Now he was vowing to himself that he would have some more cherries the first chance he got.

Mr. Brewster only lived a little way up the road. He was standing at his door as old Rollalong approached.

"What's the trouble, neighbor?" he asked.

"I've caught my boy with stolen cherries, and he owned up as they was yours."

"Ah!"

"Here are the cherries, and here's the boy. I hand him over to you, and you can give him some Jersey justice or not, just as you please; though, if I was you, I should lay it on thick, just by way of putting a sign-post in his road of life."

"Good enough!" said Mr. Brewster, who was a tall, powerful man.

Rob was handed over to him.

"Good-day," said Rollalong.

"You'll hear music," said Brewster.

"That's business," replied Rollalong.

He walked quickly back to his house, and Rob was left to his fate.

Brewster had gripped Rob securely by the collar of his shirt, as the heat was too great for him to wear a jacket.

With his disengaged hand he made the switch he always carried cut through the air with a warning "shish."

"Now, Johnny," he said, "I'm going to welt you so that you may know that you can't steal my cherries."

Rob looked up.

"You aren't going the right way to stop me," he said.

"How's that?"

"If you lick me you won't have a cherry left by to-morrow morning."

"You hardened young ruffian, that's a threat!"

"That's just what it is," replied Rob.

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see, before long. If you let me go I'll promise you not to touch your fruit; and none of the boys shall, either."

"How can you stop them?"

"Oh, they do what I tell them."

"You're a pretty good lawyer," said Brewster. "But I'm not going to be buzzed by you. Mind yourself."

The switch, wielded by a vigorous hand, descended upon Rob's thinly-clad back, shoulders and legs in a way that brought up great, ugly-looking weals.

But Rob did not utter a cry.

He squirmed and kicked and struggled, grating his teeth the while, and, I am sorry to say, uttering frequent curses, such as should not come from boys' mouths.

But there are allowances to be made for him.

His father was a man who sometimes drank to excess, and made use of intemperate language; and his nature, instead of being softened by gentle treatment, was irritated by sternness, which verged oftentimes upon cruelty.

At length, Mr. Brewster's arm began to tire.

"Let up, won't you?" said Rob, with tears in his eyes. "Curse you! do you want me to stick a knife into you?"

"Git, you young varmint!" replied Brewster, releasing him. "Go and sit in the sea to cool you."

Rob ran a little way.

Then he stooped down, and picking up a stone, hurled it with all the force remaining in his trembling hands, at his tormentor.

It struck Mr. Brewster on the nose, somewhat lacerating that organ, and causing the blood to flow.

"Hey! fire rocks at me, will you?" he said.

"Yah! yah!" answered Rob, derisively. "You can't run; you're too fat, you've got too much lager in you."

Mr. Brewster had started in pursuit, but he recognized this fact and stopped short.

"That boy will come to the gallows," he muttered, rubbing his injured organ.

By this time Rob was out of sight.

How he ached and smarted all over only himself could tell. But it had done him no good.

His heart was burning with angry passion.

"I'll let them know who they're licking," he said, bitterly. "The whole gang shall raid his orchard to-night."

By the "gang" he meant his associates, of whom he was the leader.

When he reached the seashore, he sat down on the edge of a dock.

A boy, a little older than himself, approached.

"What are yer rubbin' yer back for?" said the boy. "Got the prickly-heat?"

"No," answered Rob.

"Oh, thought yer'd caught the prickly. It's warm enough."

Hen Arlick, the newcomer, was a particular friend of Rob's.

He peddled books and papers on the steam-cars on the Jersey Central, and was about as smart as they make them.

"Father specked me with some cherries and took me up to Brewster for a licking," said Rob.

"Did you get it?"

"Did I? See here."

Rob took off his shirt and showed his friend the marks of the beating he'd received.

"That's rough," said Hen, with a look of sympathy.

"I'll have my revenge."

"So I would."

"See if I don't," said Rob, determinedly.

"A chap should know how to prig things," exclaimed Hen. "Look at me, there isn't a candy-shop in Amboy that doesn't call me a bully spender. I've always got money."

"How do you get it?"

"I knock down. Wait till I tell you. Each boy on the cars has so much candy and so many books and papers given him."

"Yes."

"He must either show them up at the end of the journey or turn over the money for which he has sold them."

"That's plain."

"Well, we sell a book to a passenger for $1.50. He reads it, and then we give him a new book worth 50 cents for the one he has read. Generally he is willing to make the exchange, and he reads the new one. This, when finished, he will swop for a ten-cent paper, which paper he leaves in the car when he goes out. I pick up the paper and put it back in the pile, and have got all my books and papers and $1.50 besides."

"Oh! that's how it's done?"

"Yes, siree. It's the only show I have, and without it I couldn't get along nohow."

"But is that honest?" asked Rob.

"Do I steal anything from my employer?" asked Hen.

"You don't make anything for him."

"That's not the question. Does he lose any stock?"

"No."

"Well, then, what are you kicking at? A boy must have spending-money."

"It's very little I get," replied Rob. "But, honestly, Hen, do you call taking cherries stealing?"

"Why, no; it's fun."

"Ought I to have been beat like a dog for it?"

"Not much. It makes my blood boil when I think of it, and if I was you, Robby, I'd cut and run."

"Run where?"

"Oh, I wouldn't stop to think of that. I'd go West, you lay your life!"

"Would you?"

"I'll bet yer!" replied Hen.

"Mother's good to me. I'd hate to leave mamma," said Rob, reflectively.

"What's the use thinking of your mother when she can't help you worth a cent, and you've got a father who's worse'n a judge to yer?"

"That's so."

"You'll be that stiff to-morrow, and achin', you'll wish you was dead."

"I know it, but I'll have all the cherries off old Brewster's tree to-night if I get sent up for it. The gang'll come."

"I'll make one."

"Will you?"

"You bet! I dearly love cherry fruit," said Hen.

"All right. Speak to the rest of the boys, won't you, if you see them before me, and ask them to be at the top of the lane at ten o'clock? Old Brew goes to bed then."

"How about the dog he's got?"

"I'll steal him this afternoon and shut him up in our wood-shed."

"Good enough for old Brew. But now I'll tell you what you'll do to get even with the old man."

"What old man?"

"Your boss."

"Go ahead!" said Rob.

"See that old barge at the end of the dock?"

"Yes."

"Can you creep in there and hide for a few hours?"

"I'll bet yez."

"Will you strip and get in at once? It's warm enough to sit naked. I'll bring you down a pair of pants and a coat in an hour's time."

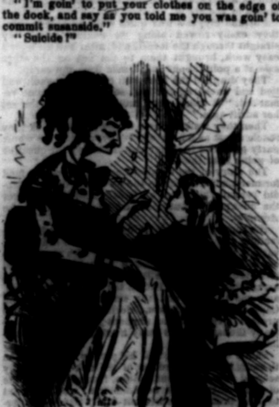
"Why can't I have my own?" asked Rob.

"That's the scheme," replied Hen, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh!" ejaculated Rob.

"I'm goin' to put your clothes on the edge of the dock, and say as you told me you was goin' to commit susanside."

"Suicide!"



LITTLE GIRL.—"AUNTY, HOW OLD ARE YOU?"
AUNT.—"I NEVER TELL MY AGE."
LITTLE GIRL.—"NO, BUT YOUR FACE DOES."

“Yes.”

“What's the good of that?”

“Won't it frighten your dad and old Brew so that they'll have fits?”

A light broke on Rob.

“My! ain't that a bully idea!” he said.

“I'll bet you!” replied Hen.

“But——”

“What?”

“Won't mother have fits, too?”

“Yes, that's so,” said Hen, reflectively.

“I don't want to hurt mother.”

“Nor I. Tell yer what we'll do. I'll play it on your papa and old Brew, and give your mamma the whisper.”

“Yes, yes!” said Bob, delightedly.

“She shall know as you're fixed all right in the barge, and she won't cry.”

“Good enough, Hen.”

“Has any one seen us together?”

“Not as I know of.”

“Then strip—quick!” said Hen.

Rob Rollalong hesitated no longer. He got into the barge, which was half full of oysters and shells and water, and finding a secure corner where he could perch himself and not be seen, he sat down and handed up his clothes.

“You ain't got a dime novel about you, Hen?” he said.

“Yes, I have; but it ain't of much account.”

“Don't matter.”

“It's all love and pretty girls, and beautiful streams and forests, and rot like that.”

“That's bad,” said Rob. “But hand it down. There's a lovely crack in the side here which lets in the light bully, and I can read till you give me the offer to come out.”

Hen gave him a book which he had in his pocket.

He thought it necessary to apologize for its possession.

“You know, Rob, I ain't the sorter chap to keep a book like that about me, because I go in for something higher. Murder and fightin' and sudden death, that's my style up to the handle; but this un is a new issue just come down, and I make it a p'int of honor to read all I gets to sell, so as I shan't impose on the public by pushin' in trash.”

“Won't this sell?”

“Not if I knows it. The public can't chose their literature with me. They have got to take what I give them, and I know what's good for them, you bet!”

Rob smiled.

He liked Hen Arlick.

Sometimes he pondered over his doubtful morality, but guessed he was no worse than a great many more.

“Have you got to go on again?” asked Rob.

“Not till to-morrow; this is my afternoon off. Next week I'm going South—all the way to New Orleans.”

“Oh, my! that's an awful long ways.”

“It's a bully road for business, though,” replied Hen.

“Is that so?”

“I'll bet yer! There are none of the short journey men or women on that line of route. When you work from Jersey City to Trenton, for example, it's nearly all papers, and the most of the New Yorkers gets their papers afore they go aboad. But I mustn't talk no more. I've got to announce your probable death, and there will be weepin' and wailin'.”

“Come back soon as you can, Hen,” said Rob.

“No fear,” replied Hen.

Hen Arlick walked away, and put Rob's clothing in a conspicuous position on the dock.

Then he sauntered up to Rollalong's cottage with his hands in his pockets.

As he neared the house he began to sing, “Merrily we'll roll along, roll along, roll-a-long over the deep blue sea.”

The oysterman was lounging in the honeysuckle-covered porch.

“Say,” said Hen, “where's Rob?”

“Gone to cool himself,” replied Rollalong.

“Perhaps he'll soon be cold enough for you or any one else,” said Hen, in a tone of deep meaning.

“What's that?”

“I saw him an hour or so ago, just after his welting, and he was in a state of mind——”

“Serve him right.”

“Do you want to lose him?”

“Not exactly. I only wanted to teach him a lesson—make a law-abidin' boy of him.”

“I should go down to Cappen Jack's dock if I was you,” exclaimed Hen Arlick.

“What for?”

“Rob was talking to hisself and goin' on awful.”

“Is that so?”

“I'll bet yer.”

“What did he say?” inquired old Rollalong, becoming interested and slightly nervous in spite of himself.

“Why, he said he wouldn't stand it.”

“Wouldn't stand it?”

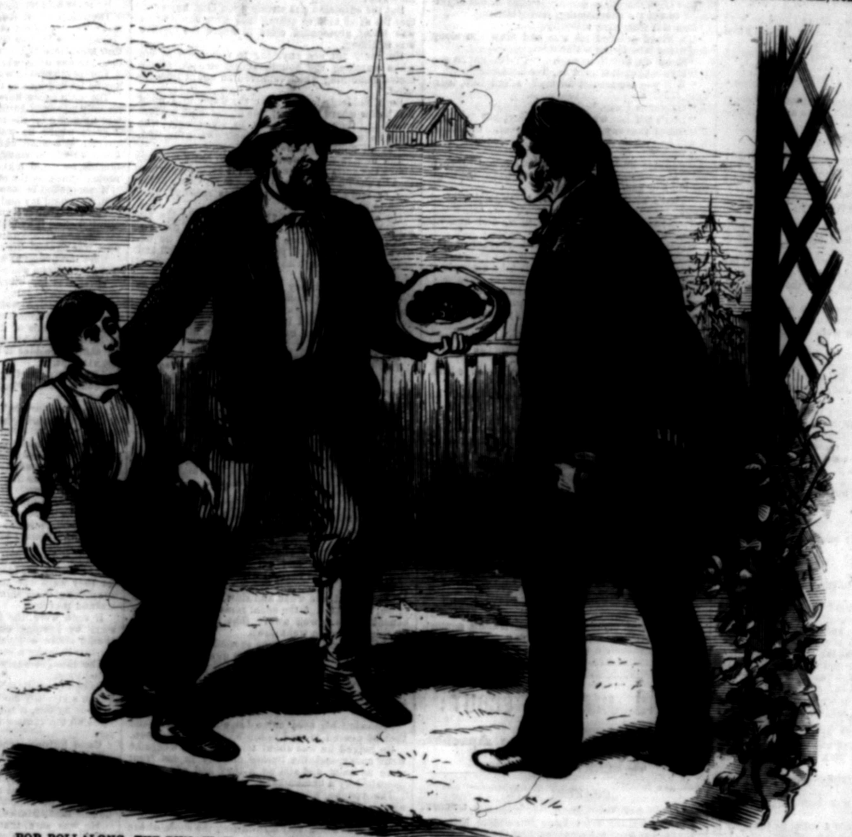
“Yes, and I don't blame him. He ain't forced to put up with any one's brutality, is he, while there's water enuff to cover him?”

Mrs. Rollalong had been an attentive listener to this conversation.

It alarmed her terribly.

“I'll go and scoot along the shore arter that boy!” exclaimed the oysterman.

He did not say another word, but quickly went off in search of his son.



ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—“‘HERE ARE THE CHERRIES, AND HERE'S THE BOY. I HAND HIM OVER TO YOU, AND YOU GIVE HIM SOME JERSEY JUSTICE OR NOT, JUST AS YOU PLEASE.’”

Hen's words had alarmed him.

He began to think he had been a little too harsh now.

“Go it, old sail, to windward,” said Hen. “Perhaps you'll be too late.”

Rollalong quickened his pace, being too much concerned to attempt to chastise Hen's insolence, which he otherwise would have resented.

The anxious mother looked through the window.

“Hen!” she said.

“Yes, ma'am,” he answered, respectfully.

“Has pa gone?”

“Scooting down the road, 2:40.”

“Do you think anything has happened to my poor boy?”

Hen approached the window.

He put his head in.

“Any one about?” he asked, cautiously.

“Not a soul,” she replied.

Her face was stained with tears, and its expression was terribly anxious.

“It's a put up job,” he said.

“A what?”

“Me and Rob done it atween us.”

“Done what? For heaven's sake, explain!” cried the agonized mother.

“Why, you see, it's this way,” said Hen; “old Brew has licked Rob 'most to death.”

“The scoundrel!”

“He's all that.”

“Go on.”

“I met Rob and advised him to play a suanside on his dad, and he said he would, only I was to come to you and say as he wasn't really dead.”

“Well?”

“Rob's clothes is on the dock, but he's hid away in the old barge, under the dock.”

“What dock?”

“Cappen Jack's.”

“And he isn't hurt at all?”

“Only with the beatin',” said Hen. “He's marked more'n I like. It wouldn't be good for old Brew or any one else to hit me so.”

“Poor, dear boy; did he really think of me?” said Mrs. Rollalong.

“Yes, indeed; but you must not give him away.”

“When will he be back?”

“I guess he'll come into supper when he's hungry. You won't say a word?”

“Not I,” replied Mrs. Rollalong. “I'll get him some waffles; he likes waffles and syrup.”

“I'll just step around and see the fun,” said Hen. “Keep it up, ma'am.”

Mrs. Rollalong smiled through her tears, and Hen strolled on again.

“They've treated that poor boy shameful,” muttered Mrs. Rollalong, “and I hope he will give them a good fright.”

Hen went home, and rolled up a pair of pants and a colored shirt in a bundle, covering it with paper and putting it under his arm.

This was for Rob.

He again wended his way to the shore, where he expected to find every one in a state of commotion.

On the road he met half a dozen girls, who were all eating candy.

“Here's Hen Arlick,” said one little girl.

And the others cried in chorus:

“Hen Arlick! Hen Arlick!”

“Say, girls,” he said, “let's play chickens.”

“How do you play it?” asked the biggest girl.

“Easy enough. See this flat stone? Put your candy down on it, and go back a dozen paces. When I flap my wings and cry, ‘Doodle, doodle, do,’ like a rooster, you all come up.”

“Are you a rooster?” said one.

“Of course I am.”

They all came up with their candy, and placed it on the top of the flat stone.

Then they retreated to the prescribed distance.

Hen Arlick went down on his hands and knees, bending his head over the stone, and moving his arms as if he was flapping his wings.

“Keek a doodle doodle do,” he cried.

The girls all ran up.

Hen put his mouth close to the stone, and at one lick scooped in the whole of the candy.

He rose to his feet, and with distended cheeks stared at the astonished girls.

“Where's our candy?” exclaimed they, indignantly.

“I've got it, girls, 'cos I played rooster. When a rooster finds a grain of corn he goes, ‘cluck, cluck,’ and the chickens run up, but rooster scoops it up.”

“Oh, you mean thing,” they said.

“That's me. Tra-la-la, girls; skip the gutter,” said Hen, gayly.

He walked down the road, chuckling to himself at the success of his scheme, by which he had gained considerable candy on the cheap system.

The girls were too much annoyed to say much, but they all voted Hen to be the meanest thing they had ever seen.

“It don't take much to fool girls, any way,” he said to himself.

When he gained the beach he found old Rollalong and several others in boats, rowing along the shore.

“Have you found Rob?” he shouted.

“Found his clothes, poor boy,” said one of a group of women.

It had got about that Rob had committed suicide, owing to the beating Mr. Brewster had given him.

The indignation of the women was something to admire.

Brewster was not a favorite.

He was better off than his neighbors, and his wife gave herself airs, as well as dressing better than any one else.

These were sins on her part which were to be revenged on Brewster at the earliest opportunity.

The women fully concluded that Rob was dead. He had drowned himself.

If so, Brewster was the cause of his death, and, constructively, his murderer.

“Let's maul him. Let's break his windows. Let's smash him!”

Such were some of the numerous expressions which arose on all sides.

The feminine crowd was standing near the foot of the dock, and Rob could hear all that was said, as he sat hidden in his secure corner of the old barge.

It was pie to him.

Hen spoke to the women, and egged them on to go and do Brewster some material damage.

“It's a shame,” he said, “that a poor boy should be drove to his death for a handful of cherries.”

“That's so; he ought to be arrested,” said a matron with an amazonian aspect.

“Lynch him, mother,” suggested Hen.

The women were now thoroughly aroused, and they proceeded in a body to Mr. Brewster's house.

He came out when he saw the crowd, and was instantly assailed by half a dozen furies, who destroyed his coat and hat, and after scratching his face badly, tore out his side-whiskers in handfuls.

His wife came to his rescue, and she was even worse treated, her attire being completely ribboned and her face beaten black and blue.

With difficulty the unfortunate pair retreated to their house and barricaded themselves in.

This did not save the windows, which were completely demolished.

Hen looked on with glee.

“Cheese it; the cop's coming,” he said, giving them timely warning of the approach of a policeman, who was attracted to the spot by the screams of Mrs. Brewster.

The women retreated.

Meanwhile the fishermen were hunting for the supposed dead body of Rob.

The boats had gone out some distance in the channel, and even over to Staten Island.

This was Hen's opportunity.

He stepped into the boat, helped Rob to dress, and together they crept up the road.

Mrs. Rollalong was waiting for him.

“My baby, my darling,” she murmured, as she kissed him.

“Give me some supper, mother,” said Rob. “I'm hungry.”

All the delicacies the cottage afforded were placed before him, from waffles to Little Neck clams.

“Won't father be mad!” said Rob, with his mouth full.

“I'll clear out,” said Hen, “if I can't do any more for you.”

“Good-night,” replied Rob. “Don't forget the cherry-tree,” he added, in a low tone.

Hen Arlick nodded significantly, and took his leave.

By degrees several women came in to sympathize with Mrs. Rollalong, and find out if she had received any news of her son. When they saw him alive and well they laughed at the joke, but none regretted that Mr. Brewster had been properly served for his cruelty.

By nine o'clock the oysterman returned with his friends, looking very downcast, tired and worried.

He started when he saw Rob.

Then he reddened.

“Dern your skin,” he cried, “where ha' you been to?”

“Coolin' off, father,” replied Rob.

“I'll be even with you for this,” said the oysterman.

He spoke a few words to his friends, and together they walked to the “Atlantic,” where they stopped till midnight, and old Rollalong was not very steady in his gait when he went home that night.

“Rolly's pretty full,” said a bystander, who saw him go along.

“Stiff, I guess,” said another.

“That was a pretty rough joke they played upon him 'bout the boy,” observed a third.

“He deserved to lose him, and he will, if I understand Rob rightly,” said a fourth.

“He'll run away, sure's fate. See if he don't,” said a fifth.

“I'll bet you,” chimed in all the rest.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE Mr. Rollalong was indulging himself at the saloon in his own peculiar fashion, and building forgetfulness out of rum, his son was pursuing his scheme of revenge upon Mr. Brewster.

The latter had been much hurt by the crowd of women who had mobbed him, and his wife was ill in bed, through the shaking and the scare she had received at their hands.

Not only had they scratched her face and neck, so that it would be impossible for her to appear at meeting for a fortnight, but they had destroyed a fifty-dollar dress, and in the scuffle she had lost a hundred-dollar ring.

Brewster was furious.

He could have had warrants issued for the arrest of the most prominent of the rioters.

This, however, would only have made him ridiculous, and increased the popular feeling against him.

So he chewed the cud of bitter reflection, and resolved to get even with the boys, if they attempted a raid on his orchard that night.

Rich men like Brewster always have toadies, and one of these charming creatures came in about nine o'clock with the news.

His name was Scarmer, and he drank the man's whisky and smoked his cigars, while he chatted with and expressed his sympathy for the way in which he had been treated.

“They've found the boy,” said Scarmer, helping himself to a horn as soon as the bottle of rye was put on the table.

“The deuce they have!” said Brewster, who was given to the use of expletives.

“Yes, sir.”

“Then the whelp didn't drown himself, after all!”

“Not for a cent.”

“Where was he all the time these she-fiends were mobbing me?”

“Hid away in a barge, at the foot of Captain Jack's dock.”

"May Old Nick roast him! Where's Rollalong?"

"Getting drunk at Eckert's," replied Scarmer.

Brewster reflected a moment.

"See here, Scarmer," he said. "You're my friend. When I die, I may leave you something in my will."

"Don't mention that."

"Well, well. It comes uppermost when I'm excited. I've no children, and somebody must have my scrip," said Brewster, who was as artful as a fox.

"Is he playing 'possum with me?" thought Scarmer.

"I've no children, I repeat," continued Brewster, "and I never forget my friends."

"I'll stand by you, squire," said Scarmer.

"That's right. Now listen. This young Rollalong will be at my orchard to-night, with some of his gang."

"How do you know that?"

"He threatened it to-day, when I licked him."

"Is that so?"

"Gospel."

"The hardened young varmint! I wouldn't have believed it," said Scarmer.

"He's vindictive. Now, I ain't going to be robbed and mobbed for nothing—no, sir. I mean to give these boys all they want to-night. The question is, will you help me?"

"I will."

"Honest?"

"You can count on me, judge."

"That's good enough. I know you, Scarmer, and you won't go back on your word."

"Not much."

"I'll remember you in my will, as I said before; and if this worry goes on much longer, I sha'n't live a year. What I'm worth is my biz; but——"

"Don't say another word, judge," interrupted Scarmer. "I serve you *gratis*. My trade's a baker, and you deal with me; that's enough."

"But I say——"

"Don't say it. If you didn't pan-out ten cents after you was dead, it wouldn't make a bit of difference to me."

"You know my big dog Carlo?"

"Yes."

"I'll let him loose, and you and I will hide with lanterns, and when the purp barks, we'll go and catch some of the thieves. If I can only handle that boy Rob, I'll die satisfied."

"We'll catch him, sir; never fear," said Scarmer.

They drank themselves into a state of valorous excitement, and at ten o'clock let the dog out of his kennel and went into hiding.

While these preparations were being made, the boys, to the number of seven, had met under an oak-tree in the lane. This was their meeting-place.

They had formed themselves into a secret society, which they called the "Ancient Order of Red Men," and all their raids and plots were concocted under this tree.

The story of Rob's wrongs was told by Hen Arlick, and the boys were unanimous in their approval of a war against Mr. Brewster.

As soon as it got dark—there being no moon—they started for the orchard.

Most of them had been there before, and had no difficulty in finding the place in the darkness.

Some began to climb the cherry-tree, which was full of fruit, and the others remained below with bags, to pick up the cherries which they cast down.

Suddenly the dog barked.

"Look out!" said Hen.

"What's up?" asked the boys in the tree.

"Danger," replied Rob.

"Shall we come down?"

"I guess so."

Before he had time to say another word the dog had him by the leg.

"Here, Hen," he cried; "the dog's got me. Pull him off."

Most of the boys began to run, fearing that they would be arrested.

Hen Arlick, however, stood by his friend, until a heavy blow from a stick caught him on the shoulder and brogut him on his knees.

Then he, too, showed his heels.

Rob was left alone to fight the dog and two men.

There were Mr. Brewster and his friend Scarmer.

By the imperfect light Rob recognized their features, and saw that he was in for it.

The dog was holding on to his leg with a tenacity of purpose which showed that he did not mean to let go until he was obliged to.

"Stick to him, Carlo!" cried old Brewster. "Hold on tight, lad! S-sick him!"

In his pocket Rob had a jack-knife, which he determined to draw.

He had no chance of escaping unless he rid himself of this terrible dog, who was causing him such acute pain. The agony was becoming unendurable.

Much as he disliked to use a knife, he thought it was justifiable, under the circumstances.

If Brewster was cruel enough to set a dog on him, surely he had a right to save himself from being mangled, if he could.

He raised the knife after opening the blade.

Brewster saw it.

"Hit him—hit him hard," said he. "The boy's goin' to kill the dorg."

Scarmer did not hear him, as he had run after some of the fugitive boys.

"Gol darn it!" continued Brewster, "I've got to stop this."

He attempted to seize Rob by the arm, and a scuffle ensued.

In his frantic efforts to free himself from the dog, which was his primary object, Rob, somehow or other—how, he really never knew—plunged his knife into Mr. Brewster's side.

The unhappy man uttered a groan.

His grasp relaxed.

"Oh, God!" he said, "he has stabbed me."

The next moment he fell to the ground, which was ensanguined with his blood.

After this Rob scarcely knew or cared what happened.

One vigorous blow rid him of the dog for ever.

Crazy with terror, he ran, regardless of the pain of his wound, and regained his companions in the lane.

They had showered such a plentiful supply of stones at Scarmer that that worthy had retreated.

His movements were quickened by the cries of Brewster.

Rob fully believed that he had killed him.

What an awful position to be placed in!

He had not the slightest intention of injuring Mr. Brewster when he drew his knife, which was an act solely intended to cut away the dog from the calf of his leg.

"What's the muss, Rob?" asked Hen, as he came up.

"Run, run!" replied Rob, tremulous with excitement. "I've stabbed Brewster!"

"Stabbed him!" repeated the boys, in horror.

"It was an accident. I—I didn't mean to do it. The dog had me by the leg—see how it is bleeding—and I wanted to stick the dog, when Brewster collared me, and in the fight the knife went into him."

"You must get up to New York," said Hen.

"Oh! send me anywhere out of the way. I can't go home."

"Do you know any one up in York?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Captain Spike. He's a friend of father's. He has a ship; she's in dock in the East River now."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite."

"Good enough!" said Hen. "Come with me. There's a tug going up to-night at eleven. I'll get you aboard. The boys will mind you, I'll bet."

"How can I thank you?" said Rob.

"By not howling over it."

Scarmer had by this time got one of the lanterns, which were standing on the ground a little way off, and by its light he looked at Brewster, who was bleeding profusely from a wound in his side.

He came to the conclusion, as Rob had done, that he was dying.

Raising his voice, he began to cry out:

"Police! murder! police! help!"

This cry quickened the movements of the boys.

"Scat," said Hen. "Get home the best way you can, and say nothing to nobody."

The boys ran off in various directions, too frightened to eat the cherries they had stolen.

Rob was trembling violently.

His friend grasped his arm and drew him along down the lane to the water-side.

"Keep up, boy," he said. "You've got to see this through, and, if need be, live it down."

"Will you see mother for me?" asked Rob, tearfully.

"Of course I will."

"Don't tell her where I am going, but just say I'm out of the way till this blows over. I'm afraid it will be serious if old Brew really is dead."

"Why?"

"Because he beat me this morning and I threatened him. People won't believe that I meant to go for the dog and not for him."

"That's so. You argue like a lawyer," replied Hen.

They were running quickly now, and had no breath to waste in talking.

Nothing more was said till they reached the waterside.

Here a tugboat was waiting to take a couple of oystermen up to New York.

A few words from Hen, who had a cousin on board the tug, made the men acquainted with the state of the case, and they readily consented to convey him to New York.

"I'm not overflush of money, Rob," said Hen; "but there's a five-dollar bill, and you can pay me back whenever you feel like it."

Rob shook his hand warmly and stepped on board the tug.

"You won't forget mother, Hen, will you?" he said.

"Is it likely?"

"She's all I care about. God bless you, Hen."

"Hope He will, dear boy. I want it," answered Hen Arlick.

Soon afterward the tug was steaming up the Sound, and Rob had started in life much sooner than he had expected.

He had often threatened to leave home and run away to sea, but when it came to the pinch and he had to do it, why, it was a very different thing from what he fancied it would be.

He had left his home.

Left his home!

What a volume of odd thoughts that familiar phrase conveys to a runaway when it recurs to him in after-life!

And under what circumstances had he left it?

The future was very black, and he could not, at that wretched moment, as he hid himself against the smokestack of the tug, see one ray of light in his blank, uncertain and dismal future.

(To be continued.)

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DOUBLING AND TURNING—A STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

IT was fortunate for Long Jim Shafto, hiding as he was from the Apaches, that the water was so deep that he had a chance to move from one point to another without exposing himself to observation.

The fact that the stream was narrow as well as deep, that there were redskins in front as well as rear, and that they all believed he was striving to conceal himself somewhere near at hand, and that, as a consequence thereof, they were searching diligently for him—all these facts tended to make the situation of the scout as perilous as possible, and the real question appeared to be as to how long he could stave off his discovery.

Believing that the place where he was floating was the one most likely to attract the hunt from the redskins so near by, he resolved to change it.

This he managed to do with less difficulty than was anticipated.

Using his feet only, he slowly drifted along the bank, until he was all of a dozen yards below the point from which he started, when as he observed an open space along the shore, where he would be exposed to the sight of any one who might appear, he checked himself, afraid to venture across it.

Just then he saw nothing of the Apaches, though they were on both sides of the stream, and several were close at hand.

He could hear their signals to each other, and even detected the sound of some of them, as they passed near by.

All this will show that they were a great deal nearer than was pleasant to the one in hiding.

Long Jim anchored himself in such a fashion that just his nose and eyes were above water, and his head was inclosed in such a network of vegetation that the only way in which he could be seen by the Apaches was by some one going directly to the point and parting the shubbery exactly over his head.

The supposition of the scout was that the place selected by him was such a desirable one in all respects that the attention of the Apaches would be attracted to it.

But there were many points along the shore where the same opportunities were presented.

The prospect, therefore, was that the entire bank would be examined.

The scout had no more than made up his mind to this when he saw that it was the very thing at which the redskins were engaged.

Peering through the vail around his head, he saw two Indians on the other side the stream moving along with such stealth that their moccasins gave no sound at all.

Advancing a few inches, one of them would stoop down and softly draw the bushes apart in quest of the fugitive.

In every case the bushes drawn aside were those which overhung the water, showing that the warriors suspected the real manner in which the scout was endeavoring to escape them.

Furthermore, one of the redskins was coming up and the other was going down stream.

This search had evidently been on foot for some time, and the two encountered at a point almost opposite where the fugitive was in hiding, and where he could see both.

As the two met, and the bushes were examined over the short space between them, they stopped and looked at each other.

They had gone over that ground pretty thoroughly, with the result of learning that their man was not there.

Where, then, could he be, excepting on the other side?

They talked together in such low tones that Long Jim, with his submerged ears, could hear nothing they said.

But the suspicion was strong upon him, however, that the same kind of search they were carrying on was being prosecuted close to where the fugitive was in hiding.

He could not see anything to indicate this, but while watching the couple across stream, he detected something which removed all doubt from his mind.

Both suddenly looked over the water to a point just below where the scout was hiding, and, without speaking, they made signals to some one, who must have been a warrior of their own tribe, and, not at all unlikely, Lone Wolf himself.

Jim now raised himself enough to bring his ears above the surface of the stream, it being important that he should be informed of the movements of the one or more redskins that he was satisfied were close to him.

He could not hear anything to denote the approach of the stealthy moccasin; but as the signaling between the two parties had ceased, he believed that they were prosecuting the search and drawing near him with the steady persistency of late.

It followed that they would soon be there, for as the hunt was being pushed in the manner mentioned, the Apaches would leave nothing undone to bring out the fugitive, and it still remained for them to make search in the exact spot where he was concealed.

The supposition was correct.

The listening ear of the scout caught a sound, which told him that the moccasin of the redskin was within arm's length, and coming nigher.

Long Jim prepared himself.

The next second he heard the rustle again, which showed that the savage was still closer.

Jim was ready, and with his eyes fixed, awaited the critical moment.

He had time scarcely to breathe, when he detected an agitation among the undergrowth, which sat like a helmet upon his head and shoulders.

Still he moved not.

But when he saw the hand of an Indian reach forward, and grasping the bushes, softly draw them aside, he felt that the time had come for action.

Quietly inhaling a mouthful of air, he dropped below the surface and permitted himself to drift downward with the current without the least motion of the body.

The current was weak and slow, close against the shore, and although the scout remained a long time beneath, he was well aware that he was not very far from where he went down.

While under the water he groped about with his hands and kept posted as to his direction when he was deprived of the privilege of using his eyes.

At last, when the distended blood-vessels could stand no more, he thrust his long nose above the surface and drew in a deep draught of life-giving oxygen.

Following his nose came his eyes and ears, and then he peered around to see what was to be seen.

He judged he was about ten feet from where he went under, and the bushes directly in his front were as calm and still as if they had never been disturbed by a human hand.

The Apache, who was going along the shore and examining every foot of the way, had been here and passed beyond.

He was as attentively scrutinizing the shore above the real point of concealment.

The scout could not hear him, but he knew he was not only removed from where he was, but that he was getting further and further away every minute.

If there was any doubt of this, it was removed a minute after, when the fugitive from his concealment saw the two redskins that gave him the clue a a few moments before.

They were again signaling to some one who was at a point quite a respectable distance above where Jim was in hiding.

It looked as if the redskins were beginning to wonder how it was they failed to obtain some traces of the whereabouts of the white man, who was seen to dart into the thicket but a short time before, and whose trail had been followed straight to the water.

There were so many Apaches that it would seem that they were able to find a weasel in this place if the same thorough search was prosecuted that was now under way.

Jim was quite as confident, too, that he was not to be left alone, simply because this spot where he was in hiding had been passed by.

If the same Indian did not return, others were likely to pass over the spot, and because he had eluded discovery so far, he could not feel guaranteed against detection hereafter.

A respite, however, came to him which he did not expect.

The Indians on the other side of the stream made a move up the bank, which carried them out of sight of the scout, who drew a breath of hope at the unexpected relief.

He remained still, waiting to see whether he should make an attempt he had in his mind.

Immediately around him all remained as quiet as before, and he began to suspect that the whole batch of Apaches were above him, and that perhaps the way was open below.

Ah! if he could but find Hurricane now, and vault upon his back, what a yell of exultation he would give as he careered away over the prairie!

He would laugh to scorn all their attempts to overtake him.

These were the thoughts that passed through the brain of the scout as he once more cut himself loose from the undergrowth overhanging the bank, and permitted himself to float down the stream.

This time he drifted all of twenty feet, when he came to a halt, wishing to use his eyes a little before going too far.

Still nothing was to be seen of an alarming character, and he began to hold quite a strong hope that he would be able to give the Apaches the slip, after all.

His plan was to keep on down the current in this manner, and then when he was well below the redskins, where he would have elbow-room, he could creep out upon the land and make a hunt for Hurricane, and if he could not find him, then he would scoop in some animal belonging to the Apaches and make a dash back to where the whites were waiting his coming, and let them know their danger.

This plan was upset by the evidence he received that his enemies were still below him and on the same side of the stream.

Some of their signals made known this fact and arrested the scout at the moment he was ready to crawl out of the water and make the attempt we have described.

This not only checked him, but it caused a change in the plans he had been considering.

Time was of that value that a Fabian policy would not answer.

He must do something or he was lost.

The scheme that the scout now fixed upon was to make his way to the other side the creek.

One cause for this decision was the apparent fact that that shore had been more rigorously examined than the one upon which he was.

The presumption was reasonable that it would not be looked into as thoroughly as the other.

The main cause, however, was the conviction that his only means of getting away from these Apaches was by going for the fort.

From where he was hiding, it was less than a quarter of a mile, and in case he could not lay hands on his mustang, or one that belonged to the Indians, he could make good time across the intervening space by the use of his legs alone.

If compelled to resort to such means of locomotion, he would try and put off his flight until dark.

The width of the stream was so slight that the scout crossed it beneath the surface.

One long dive, and when he opened his eyes, his nose was against the opposite shore.

Here the prospect was very similar to that which had greeted him since his being in the water.

There was the other bank of the creek, with the undergrowth hanging over it, and that was all.

None of the Apaches were visible, nor did he hear anything to indicate that they were there.

As the scheme of the scout was certain to result in his escape or his capture, it was necessary that he should consider it very carefully before making the attempt.

After once starting there would be no retreat. He could not turn back and wait a more favorable opportunity.

It was "do or die."

Once under way, he must go ahead to safety or destruction.

And the chances were altogether in favor of his going to destruction in very short order.

The way immediately around him, so far as he could judge, was free of all redskins, and he crept out of the water.

He took the precaution to lie flat among the undergrowth for several minutes afterward, while he looked and listened, ready to slide back into the current if it should become necessary.

But nothing was seen or heard of the redskins.

Jim believed that the savages had concluded that he had shifted his hiding-place to some other point, for they were warranted in doubting his ability to keep out of their sight in the skillful manner that marked that feat.

If such were the fact, he could obtain a good start by keeping on down the current until he should strike a point from which it would be safe for him to make a venture to run to the fort.

The thought scarcely came to him when it was acted upon.

Keeping as close to the stream as he could, he began a stealthy movement down its bank.

In doing this, it will be understood that he exercised all the caution and skill of which he was master.

Good fortune seemed to have come to him again when he found that he had accomplished a distance of fully a hundred yards.

This was scarcely as far as he wished to go; and as he was confident that he was off the beat of the Apaches, he concluded to make the start about double that distance.

He was sure that with such an advantage, he would have no difficulty in reaching the fort ahead of the best mustang that lived.

"I could do it ef I had the whole distance to go," he said, thinking the thing over; "but I'll have it easier nor that; they'll see me coming at the fort, and a lot of the boys will be out to give me a boost in and the varmints a boost out."

Moving along in the same guarded manner, he was not long in arriving at the point which he had fixed upon as the place where he should make his start for the fort.

"By the great buffiers!" he exclaimed the next minute, when he caught sight of a mustang cropping the grass close to the thicket, "that's what I call lucky."

His first supposition was that it was his own Hurricane, and he made call to him.

But the horse did not recognize it, which was proof that he was a stranger.

Still it was a great thing to secure possession of such an animal at such a time as this.

"Thar's no use of your trying to git away," said Jim, as he gazed longingly upon the steed, "for I'm going to have you."

The presence of the mustang suggested the presence also of his owner, and the scout took the best look he could before venturing to go up to the horse.

The mustang appeared as if he had been turned out to grass, while his master was engaged elsewhere, and Long Jim inclined to believe that such was the fact.

It was not at all likely that the Apaches would try to use one of their steeds as a decoy when there were so many warriors at command.

The coast seemed clear, and the scout began a careful approach to the horse, thinking of nothing else and looking for nothing else.

He was so anxious to secure the animal that he took all this precaution to avoid scaring it away.

The cunning creature raised his head and snuffed the air as if he scented something of the kind.

Jim was close to him at that moment, and he permitted the mustang to see him, that he might not be too much startled when he should put in his claim for his possession.

The beast was inclined to keep him off for a time, but he didn't seem so frightened after the scout had indulged in some of his wooing demonstrations.

In fact, the steed seemed rather pleased than otherwise, and when Jim moved out toward him, he made not the least attempt to run away, but waited till he could come up and lay his hand upon his mane.

There was the Indian bridle, consisting simply of a piece of twisted buffalo-hide, while the saddle was nothing but a blanket strapped to the back with the same sort of thongs.

The scout was about to throw himself astride the steed, when he was surprised to discover that he was tethered in a peculiar way.

A buffalo robe was fastened around one ankle in the ridge below the fetlock, and tied to the limb of a tree several yards distant.

He had not suspected this when stealing up to the steed, and it struck him that the fact might have had something to do with the docility of the horse when he was striving to steal up to him.

However, that could not make much difference to him now, and he reached down for his knife, with which to sever the rope.

The knife was gone!

He had lost it, somehow or other, in his manœuvring against the Apaches that were pressing him sothotly.

The only thing left was to until the rope where it was fastened around the ankle of the horse.

This was a small matter, and he stooped over and went at it.

It required several minutes, as the straining of the animal had so tightened the tough thong that it was hard to pull it apart.

Just as he finished, he heard a slight sound, and he started up.

He was surrounded by Indians!

From the moment he issued from the thicket he had been seen by the Apaches, who quietly closed in, and arranged themselves so that no human power could save him from their clutches.

Long Jim had been taken off his guard in every respect.

In the first place, his knife was gone, so that he was deprived of that indispensable article of defense in a hand-to-hand encounter.

In the next place, he had leaned his gun against a tree near at hand, never suspecting that when he came to look for it, it would be in the grasp of a burly warrior.

Yet such was the fact, and all the weapon within reach was his pistol, which didn't amount to much.

There were at least eight Indians, who walled him in on every hand.

They were all armed, and in case he attempted to get away, they could cut him to pieces as easily as if he were a dead buffalo.

This was one of those rare cases in which the frontier scout is forced to see that the best thing is to surrender.

It needed but a glance for Jim to take in the situation. There was no hope for him, except in surrender.

He had heard enough to know that the Apaches meant to take Mickey O'Rooney to Auka-Yata, there to die the death of the multitudes that had gone the way before him.

In that event there was little doubt that Long Jim would share the same fate.

That meant delay, and delay often means life.

The nearest Indian, as the scout looked around, was Lone Wolf, the chief, whose ugly face was on a broad grin.

It was a grin of triumph; for he had just cause for exultation, after obtaining the custody of the great scout of the plains, Long Jim Shafto.

The latter could not but acknowledge that he had played his game well and flanked his white enemy at every point.

"Do white brother surrender?" asked Lone Wolf, when he had waited a minute, that the scout might take it all in.

"I surrender to my brave brother," replied Jim, signifying his submission. "He has conquered me."

"Give pistol," added the leader, reaching out his hand for the weapon.

Jim passed it to him without the least hesitation, though it left him entirely unarmed.

"Want to ride hoss?" asked Lone Wolf, with a tantalizing gesture, meant to refer to the attempt of the white man to take the steed.

"Yes, I would like to ride," replied Jim, "but I would prefer that it should be my own animal."

"We show you hoss," was the significant remark of the leader, as he made some sign to his warriors.

The latter leaped forward, and in a twinkling Long Jim Shafto was bound in precisely the same manner as was Mickey O'Rooney.

Strange it was that the attempt of these two famous scouts to execute a simple reconnoissance, not so difficult as scores of similar duties that they had performed before, should have resulted in the capture of them both.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAPTIVES—UTTER DESPAIR.

NOW that Long Jim Shafto was a prisoner to Lone Wolf, the Apache chieftain, he conducted himself like a sensible man, who was brave enough to submit to inevitable fate without any useless murmurings.

He was allowed to straddle the horse which he had attempted to steal, while his captors kept such a close watch upon him that he could have found no opportunity to make a dash for freedom, had he possessed the unrestricted use of his arms.

As soon as he was mounted, Lone Wolf took the bridle in hand and led the way up-stream, never pausing until he had passed a considerable distance beyond the point where the trail from Melville Ranch crossed the creek on the route to Fort Sheridan.

A little way beyond, the main body of warriors was reached.

They numbered all of a hundred, and there were twice as many that had departed something like an hour before for the Apache villages, carrying their dead and wounded with them.

The fight had been a desperate one, Lone Wolf appearing to be actuated by the belief that there was a good prospect of carrying the post, on account of the small garrison.

The repulse was correspondingly disastrous, the daring chief finding himself compelled to retreat with a large loss, among whom, as was natural, were many of his best warriors.

The result was the conviction that the fort was invulnerable, despite the few defenders, against any force that he could bring into the field.

But the repulse could not be expected to give this restless plague of the frontier his quietus; for he was the Indian whose hatred was of the undying order, and which is sure to continue as long as his worse than useless life is spared to him.

The first object that attracted the notice of the scout, on reaching the main body of the Apaches, was Mickey O'Rooney.

The Irishman was seated on a horse, like himself, with his arms fastened behind him, all the other redskins being mounted, as if they expected to start at once.

Mickey was not in the jovial mood that generally distinguished him, for the situation of himself was not calculated to produce a very high flow of spirits.

But his greeting of his comrade was characteristic.

"Jim, why don't you offer me your hand?"

"Reach out yours and I will do the same."

"We'll pass over the prayliminaries to-day, and lave thim to be arranged some time hereafter, as was the coostom of mesilf whin I could frame no excuse to quarrel with a man so as to open a fight with him. I'm grateful, Jim, that they've put me cords so aisy that they give me no suffering but that which comes to one of my high birth and proud spirit at having such an indignity put upon me."

"Yes, they've been careful of the blasted rope, which they might have made so that it would have kept us on the growl all the time."

"And I say, Jim, what's to become of the spalpeens that we have lift behind us?"

The old scout shook his head in a sad way.

"That's the worst of all. You and me ar' allers ready for this sort of thing, no matter when it comes to us, but it's different with them."

"Have you no plan that ye can suggist, so that a fellow like me can take some coomfort over the thought?"

In reply, the scout winked and added:

"They're all right, of course: they're mounted on the swiftest hosses on the prairie, and they've got the new guns that never miss killing an Injin, when they p'int 'em at 'em, and they wouldn't like any better fun than to have a hundred redskins come down on 'em, so that they'll git the chance to riddle 'em all out."

This strange answer, addressed to the Irishman, was really meant for the Apaches.

Among the latter were several who understood enough of the English tongue to catch the meaning of the words that passed between the prisoners.

Long Jim saw this, and he drew a long bow for their special benefit.

Mickey was quick to take the cue, and he did his part to keep up the deception.

"Worrah, worrah, but it was unloocky that we did not bring one of their guns with us, for if we had we could have cleaned out the whole party of Lone Wolf. There would have been so many killed that there wouldn't have been enough left to carry the rist home to bury, and we would have to do the same mournful dooty, and thin ind the sufferings of their friends and relatives afterward by killing all of 'em. Perhaps it's as well that we didn't take the contract on our shoulders."

"Do you know which way they went?"

"Whin I bade 'em good-afternoon the colonel told me that he was going to take a little excursion off that way."

And the unblushing Irishman pointed in the very opposite direction from that leading to the whites.

"And why did they do that?" asked Long Jim, well aware that the fellow was equal to the occasion, as he instantly proved himself to be.

"Ye see, the colonel has two of them guns, and last night he put one of 'em into the hands of his lad, a likely young spalpeen, and told him at the same time that he would see that he had a chance to use it on some Injuns afore they got to the end of their journey. Ye remimber that all the Injuns that we have met up to this morning the colonel has used up hisself, and the laddy-boy thinks it's time he had a chance, which is the raison why he has took one of the wonderful pieces in his hand. They haven't been able to get a good show at the spalpeens for the last day or two. Av coorse, they've picked off a dozen or two a day, but that's getting monotonous, and they want to find a party something like this, where there'll be a chance to show what the old gun will do. The boy cried this morning for an hour, and whin his old man tried to quiet him he said that his heart would be busted onless he could get a show to shoot twenty or thirty of the spalpeens afore they got to the end of their trip. The only way the daddy could stop his bawling was by telling him that for sartin sure he should have the chance to-day, and that's what they're out for."

This tremendous story so tickled Jim that he could scarcely keep back the smile.

Mickey always excelled at that sort of business, and he had done a great deal better than he expected him to do on so short notice.

"Wouldn't it have been a lucky thing if they should come this way, Mickey?" asked the old scout, in a low voice, as if he was trying to keep his words away from the Apaches, but at the same time taking great pains to see that they heard them.

Long Jim had already noticed that while the Indians seemed to be interested in a sort of council which delayed the start of the party, yet there were several who were paying the closest attention to what the captives were saying.

Among these was Lone Wolf, who caught enough of the sense to understand the import of the things under discussion.

His interest was of the most intense order.

When the Indians had obtained all their firearms from the whites they were ready to believe that they were capable of greater inventions than any they had seen.

The whole object of the Yankees was to exterminate the red men from the face of the earth, and if they had gotten possession of such a frightful implement as the one he heard talked about, it looked as if the last awful day was close at hand.

And so it was natural, we say, that while the white captives kept up this conversation the Indians should feel the deepest interest in it.

In fact, Jim heard Lone Wolf translate some of the most astounding statements to several of the warriors sitting near by on their mustangs, ready to start, and only waiting the word of command from the chief.

This looked as if they were swallowing all the exaggerations, no matter how astounding they were, and the Irishman, encouraged to go on by another wink from the old scout, said:

"If the colonel kaaps up as he has begun, there won't be any of the Apaches or Comanches left by the time he gets through, for he has the tools to clean 'em out with."

Lone Wolf and his compatriots seemed to think they had heard enough, and the word was given to go forward.

The company started at once, moving off in irregular order, with the prisoners at the front, where they were allowed to hold uninterrupted conversation.

A portion of this was carried on in the same fashion as that which we have recorded.

But the Apaches appeared to have lost their interest in the extravagant yarns told by the Irishman, and they paid little heed to the supplementary information which was conveyed to them through the medium of the veteran scout.

The latter finally intimated to Mickey that he feared he had overdone the matter, and that it was as well to let up on it.

Henceforth their words were more serious, and intended for the ears which alone heard them.

Lone Wolf indulged in a piece of daring which was characteristic of the treacherous chief.

It was to be expected that he would feel some exultation over the capture of two scouts so valuable to the fort and the frontier as were those he had in his custody.

For the purpose of gratifying his exultation, and to triumph over Colonel Bailey and his men that had used him so ill, he rode straight toward the fort, as if he meant to open an exchange with them.

Long Jim was wondering what he was seeking to do when he halted his company within a short distance of the post, but so far away that there seemed no cause to fear anything from the guns of the soldiers.

When this was done he and his warriors set up a lot of dismal yells, intended to attract the attention of the men.

This was unnecessary, for the defenders of the post had already discovered the approach of the band of warriors, and were crowding the walls to watch their movements.

The Apaches shouted and whooped and made the most tantalizing gestures, as if with the view of drawing the Americans from their fortifications into attacking them on the open prairie.

But Colonel Bailey was an old campaigner on the frontier, and he was too smart to be inveigled into any such trap.

So he and his men merely looked, and did nothing more.

When Lone Wolf had exhausted these attempts to goad them into coming forth, the cries ceased, and the chieftain rode his two captives a short distance in front of the rest, where they were in plain sight of the soldiers.

Then the chief returned to the main body, and the yells went up more furiously than before.

The actions of the Apaches seemed to say, as plainly as the words themselves:

"Here are the two best scouts on the border! Come and take them if you dare, or if you are afraid to come to their rescue, we will take them away to death and torture!"

The appearance of Long Jim and Mickey O'Rooney as captives in the hands of the redskins must have created a sensation among the soldiers of the post, who until then could have had no suspicion of such a calamity.

But much as Colonel Bailey might have regretted the sad fact, there was no way of repairing it.

He had less than fifty men, all told, and for any or all of them to go forth in an effort to retake the scouts from the Apaches would have endangered the safety of the post itself, without the least prospect of doing the captives themselves any good.

If Lone Wolf should find there was the least danger of losing his prisoners, he would tomahawk or shoot them both in a twinkling.

They could do nothing, therefore, except to look on and listen in silence to the taunts of their enemies.

These were of the most exasperating nature.

The redskins brandished their guns in the air, and some of them waved their dirty blankets, hooting and shouting in every cadence of their hoarse voices.

Finding the soldiers silent under these reproaches, two of the leading warriors rode forward, driving the captives before them, until they were quite close to the fort.

Here the redskins renewed their whoops, and one of them, as if determined to drive them to the unbearable point, lifted his hand and struck the defenseless Long Jim with his naked fist.

The blow fell upon the side of the head of the scout, and was so violent that it made him reel.

But the veteran was too well schooled in the warfare of the border and the ways of the Apaches to show the least resentment, or to utter a word of protest or pain.

The next moment the other redskin struck the Irishman in the same way, making his skull ring.

It was impossible for the victim to hold his peace.

"Ah, ye bloody spalpeen and coward!" he exclaimed, gnashing his teeth in rage, "I'd give all me possessions in the world, if I had any, for the bliss of having the use of me fists this minute! I'd giv' ye such a wack beside the head that ye would niver make another poor dog like me suffer agin!"

The result of this outrage was altogether different from what the captives or the Indians themselves expected.

The audacious Apaches had approached quite close to the fort, for they meant that the colonel and his men should see what was done.

While the words were in the mouth of the Irishman, there came the reports of several guns.

At the same instant the warrior that had struck Mickey the cruel blow uttered a spasmodic yell, threw up his arms and rolled from the back of his mustang to the ground.

A yell also escaped the savage who had maltreated Long Jim, but he kept his place on his steed, desperately wounded as he was.

The distance was not too great to be reached by a skillful rifleman, and several of them tried their skill upon the redskins, who had so repeatedly invited them to do so.

The issue was of a gratifying character, and before it was fairly understood what was done, a score of other bullets were sent in among the band surrounding Lone Wolf.

No more were killed, for the distance was too great, but a number were wounded.

"Now is our time!" called out Jim, in a loud voice, so that his friend could not mistake his meaning. "Let us go for the fort!"

Had they possessed the use of their arms they could have taken advantage of the temporary confusion, and driven their animals under the protection of the guns of the post.

As it was, they tried to guide the mustangs with their knees and feet.

The horses made a start, but they seemed stupid, and after galloping a few paces went round in a circle and started back toward the main body of Apaches, halting again under the furious efforts of their riders to direct them.

The scouts strove desperately to seize the chance thus unexpectedly thrown in their way, and it looked for a few minutes as if they would succeed.

But the Indian mustangs were stupid or headstrong, and the precious seconds were thrown away in the futile effort to make them do their work for the whites.

Suddenly Lone Wolf saw what was up and the danger of losing his men.

With a shout of alarm he dashed toward the spot where the scouts were thumping the sides of the animals with their heels, and at the risk of being shot himself from the fort, where the soldiers were popping away in the effort to help the captives, he turned the heads of the horses back again, and sent them galloping to the main body of warriors.

[To be continued.]

"Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. [illegible]

ELI AND TIP;

OR,

"Wanted, an Uncle."

THE SUMMER ADVENTURES OF TWO GREENHORNS IN NEW YORK.

By JACK MANLEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

A MORNING CALL.

"WELL, what's the next move?"

And Eli Skillings sat up in bed on the morning after the eventful day at Coney Island and blinked at the sun, which was pouring in through the window in a flood of hot light.

"The which?" queried 'Enery Tippins, also assuming an erect position.

"What are we going to do now?"

"Well, judging from the fact that the clock says hit's ten ho'clock, I think we 'ad better commence by getting hup."

"Hi, hi!" screeched the parrot, from the window. "Get up! Gee up! Jump up! Up in a balloon! Ho, ho, ho!"

"Heven the poll-parrot seconds the motion," observed Tip.

"Then it must pass."

And the delegate from Cuttyhunk got up and shook himself, very much as a Newfoundland dog just emerging from the water would have done.

Tip followed his example, and the parrot, inspired by the spirit of emulation, began to ruffle her plumage and whistle, "The Babies on Our Block," which was a favorite tune some young lady in the variety line of business, who had lived in the room, had taught her.

"There's one thing strikes me habout New York," observed Tip, while they were washing.

"What's that?"

"That hit's a hawful 'ot city."

"It is that."

"Hand that hit is 'otter hevery day than hit was the day before."

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothink, honly I would like to know 'ow long a 'uman beink can stand hit without being baked to ha cinder."

"If you stop here long enough you'll find out."

"I ham not curious," returned Tip, dryly. "'Ave you decided what to do to-day?"

"Not exactly; unless we go to Coney Island again."

"Don't you think we've 'ad henough of Coney Island for a while?"

"There is one thing certainly strikes me in that matter."

"What?"

"That Coney Island has had enough of us. What do you say, then, to our paying some one a visit?"

"Who?"

"Can't you guess?"

"The young lady?"

"The same. What a pity it is, by-the-by, Tip, that she has got such a name!"

"What's hin a name? Ha rose, by hany other name, would smell has sweet."

"And a skunk as bad. Besides, she's as lovely as her name is not, which is saying a great deal. Only think—Potts!"

"I knew ha chap named Potts once."

"Indeed! Who was he?"

"'E was ha cats'-meat man, hand 'e was sent to quod for gammoning a hovercoat from a 'allway."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Tip, laughing, "Miss Stella Potts would not thank you for your opinion of her name. But shall we call on her?"

"Hof course."

With this object in view, our friends made unusually careful and elaborate toilets.

The reader has probably by this time formed a sufficiently clear idea of our adventurers' taste in dress to imagine what they looked like.

Eli Skillings's make-up made him resemble nothing so much as a circus-clown out for a holiday.

To render his adornment complete he attached a huge oroide-chain to the mechanical engine he called his watch, and ornamented his head with a high white hat, brushed the wrong way, and tipped very much over his left ear.

Tip, on his part, arrayed himself in a suit of thunder-and-lightning tweed, and slung an eyeglass around his neck, though his sight was so good that every time he tried to use the aforesaid glass it made his head ache.

These preparations completed, they surveyed themselves in the glass with no little satisfaction.

"I think we'll do," observed Eli, complacently.

"The pre-heminently pre-heminent lum tum," remarked Tip.

"Pretty poll, pretty poll!" yelled the parrot. "Go in and win. Hi, hi, hi!"

And with this benediction they departed.

They had no difficulty in ascertaining the residence of Doctor Potts, now that they knew his name, and with the exception of the comments their appearance excited, reached the palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue, to which they had been directed, without interruption.

A stately footman was permitting the passers-by to admire him as he lounged in the doorway, and Eli inquired, politely:

"Does Doctor Potts live here?"

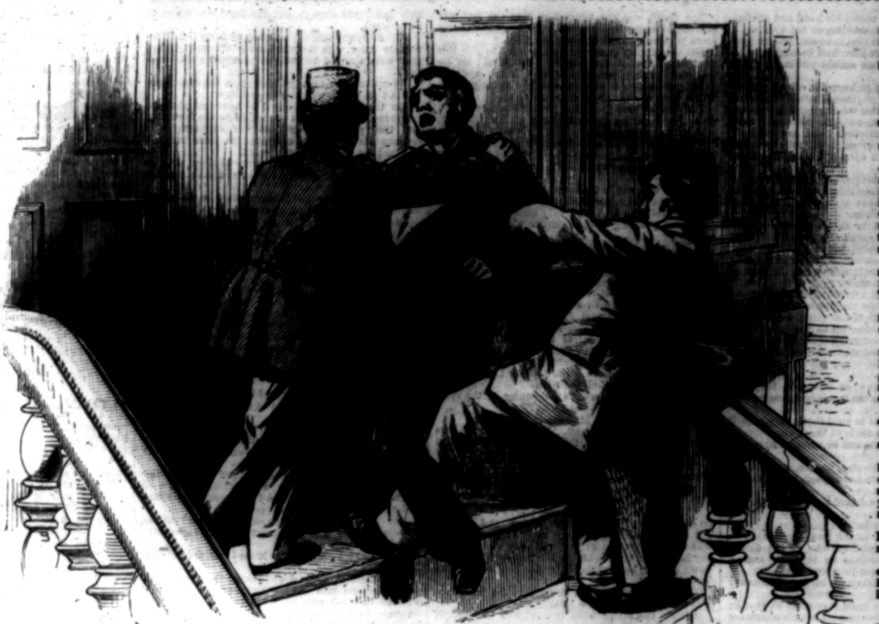
"How?" demanded the footman, surveying him with the insolently vacant stare peculiar to his class.

"Does Doctor Potts live here?" repeated Eli.

"Well, wot a question!" said the flunky, with disdain.

"What ails the question?" demanded Eli, beginning to lose patience.

"Oh, nothing."



ELI AND TIP.—"AND INSTEAD OF ENCOUNTERING AN OLD MAN WHO COULD NOT DEFEND HIMSELF, THE RUFFIAN FOUND HIMSELF STRUGGLING WITH TWO YOUNG ONES, WHO WERE MORE THAN HIS MASTER."—SEE PAGE 55.

"Then why don't you answer it?"

"Because I don't want to."

"You don't wan't to, eh?"

"No. Go West, young man; go West."

"Well, I never," Tip gasped. "Did you hever 'ear such hinsolence?"

"The fellow must be crazy," replied his friend.

"Or drunk."

"I say, young man," remarked the flunky, sharply, "suppose you move on now?"

"Move on?"

"Skip the gutter."

"Skip the gutter?"

"Yes. Clear the sidewalk, or I'll call a policeman for you."

"But we want to see Doctor Potts."

"Well, Doctor Potts don't want to see you, so be off."

"My good friend," said Eli, calmly, though he was nearly bursting with rage and indignation, "we came here to see Doctor Potts."

"Oh, you did?"

"And we intend to see him."

"You don't say so?"

"I would like you, therefore, to inform him that we are here."

"And do you really think I will do it, now?"

"What else are you hired for?"

"I'm not hired to run errands for such as you, anyhow."

"We'll see about that. Come on, Tip."

And the pilgrim from Cuttyhunk started to ascend the steps leading to the door.

As he did so, the now furiously enraged footman rushed down them. The boys separated as he passed, and Tip, putting out his foot, tripped him up.

The flunky stumbled and fell on his face.

And as the impetus of his rush was by no means slight, he went bumping down the stone steps, and shot across the sidewalk, leaving a trail of blood from his skinned nose to mark his course.

His head banged against a hitching-post when he stopped, and after an effort, scrambled to his feet.

Our adventurers had halted half-way up the stoop to watch him.

The sight of their grinning faces drew from the flunky a roar like that of an enraged bull, and he bounded up the steps at them, crying:

"I'll teach you that Doctor Potts don't want to see the likes of you, and that you can't see him when I say so."

"How do you know Doctor Potts don't want to see them?" said a voice in the hall behind him.

The footman started, turned red as a cock's comb, and wheeling about, made a cringing bow to a stately old gentleman, who had just appeared in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered.

"Beg these young men's, rather. What do you mean by being so insolent to them?"

"If you please, sir, they was such queer-looking cases."

"And on that account you dared to insult them at my door? You scoundrel! This is not the first time it has happened. Pack your trunk—do you understand? Pack your trunk at once."

"But, sir——"

"Not a word."

"Oh," said the fellow, his cringing manner giving way to a brutally insolent defiance at once, "so you're going to bounce me, are you?"

"I am certainly going to discharge you."

"Then take that to remember me by."

And he launched his fist at the doctor's nose.

The latter evaded the assault by stepping back, when the flunky made a rush at him.

At the first blow, however, our friends had rushed up the steps.

And instead of encountering an old man who could not defend himself, the ruffian found himself struggling with two young ones, who were more than his master.

In something less than a minute he had been tripped up and sent rolling down the steps like a barrel of sand, only stopping when he reached the gutter.

The doctor had quietly watched the combat from the doorway.

"Step inside, young gentlemen," he now said. "Whoever you are, you are welcome here, I assure you."

"Welcome!" cried a voice behind him, which made Eli's blood rush to his head—"I should think they were. Why, papa, dear, it is the gentleman who saved my life, and his friend."

And in a moment more Stella Potts, more beautiful than ever, was shaking her blushing preserver's hand.

CHAPTER XX.

SPANKING A SCAPEGRACE.

THE visitors were soon at their ease in a cozy reception-room, where they found Stella's friend and companion on the day of the accident, and whom she now introduced as Miss Dora Mordaunt.

After expressing his gratitude for the service they had done him, the doctor said:

"But how is it you did not call before? Did not Stella invite you?"

"Of course I did," remarked that young lady herself. "Did I not?"

"To be sure. Miss Potts asked us to call."

"Before we go any further," interrupted the doctor, smiling, "permit me to correct an error into which you have fallen."

"Certainly, sir."

"This, gentlemen, is not Miss Potts, but Miss Stella Fossbrooke."

"By George! I'm glad of that," muttered Eli.

"Miss what?" cried Tip, starting to his feet.

"Miss Stella Fossbrooke."

"Why, that's my huncle's name!"

"Your uncle's?"

"The huncle I came to Hamerics to look hafter."

"What is his first name?"

"Chandos, sir—Chandos Fossbrooke."

The doctor and the two girls uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"My father!" exclaimed Stella.

"My old friend!" cried the doctor.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Tip.

"And we are cousins," cried Stella, seizing his hand with a warmth that gave Eli Skillings a jealous pang.

"So hit seems."

"Then, my dear, dear cousin, how are you?"

"Oh! your dear, dear cousin's all right, I'll bet," groaned Eli. "Where does his friend come in, I'd like to know?"

"But where's my huncle?" demanded Tip.

"He died three years ago," replied the doctor, gravely, "leaving me, who was his old business partner, the guardian of his child. I have tried to take his place with her."

"And you have done so," cried Stella, impulsively.

"I hope I have."

"Do I not always call you father?"

"Which accounts for the mistake our friends made in regard to your name. But come, now; before we talk family matters, let us learn what kept them away from us till now."

"The best reason in the world," responded Eli. "We didn't know your name."

"Not know my name?"

"Nor where to find you."

"What do you mean?" interrupted Stella. "Did not Peter give you our card?"

"He did not."

And Eli related the episode of the five-dollar note.

The doctor listened with an angry look, and when the recital was finished, rang a bell sharply.

"Is Mr. Peter in?" he asked of the servant, who appeared in the door.

"He is just getting ready to go out, sir."

"Send him here."

A couple of minutes later Mr. Potts appeared, looking decidedly the worse for his Coney Island exploits.

A dark scowl overspread his features at sight of the visitors, and something very like an oath escaped him.

"That will do," said his father, sharply. "Save your profanity for your congenial associates. Remember you are among ladies and gentlemen here."

"Gentlemen, in particular. Oh, yes," sneered Mr. Potts. "I'll book it, so that I won't forget."

"Your impertinences harm no one but yourself," said his father, severely. "I have a question to ask you."

"Ask ahead."

"Why did you seek to insult this gentleman on the day he saved Miss Fossbrooke's life?"

"Me seek to insult him?" asked Mr. Potts, in well-affected surprise.

"Yes, you."

"How?"

"By offering him money."

"Oh, pshaw! I thought he looked as if he needed it, that's all."

"Indeed. But why did you not let him know who we were and where we lived?"

"Because I didn't feel like it."

"Oh, you did not feel like it!"

"No, sir. They were a low, vulgar lot, and I didn't want to have 'em running around where I was."

"And do you happen to remember where you are?"

"I believe I do, sir."

"You are in your father's house."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing; only you're not too big yet to be punished for being impudent.

And to Mr. Potts's evident amazement, the old gentleman jumped up and seized him by the collar.

"Hello! hello!" gasped the culprit. "I say, governor, what's the row?"

"I'll show you what the row is," cried his father, shaking him violently.

"Let up," cried Mr. Potts. "You hurt!"

"I want to hurt, and I'll hurt worse than this, too."

And with a violent jerk he pulled his hopeful offspring off his feet.

Then, seating himself, he dragged Peter, face down, across his knee.

Holding him firmly there, he proceeded, with a large book he took from the centre-table, to spank him till the welkin rang with the blows.

At each blow the victim gave vent to a yell of anguish, but the determined old gentleman held him fast, and continued the chastisement till he was fairly tired out.

The spectators of this curious scene did not at first know what to make of it at all.

They stared in mute astonishment until the doctor ceased his work and Mr. Potts leaped to his feet.

Then the miserable aspect of the crest-fallen young scamp proved too much for their self-restraint.

One and all broke into a hearty peal of laughter.

This seemed to overcome Mr. Potts, already almost exhausted by pain and impotent rage, and he dropped into a chair. Only, however, to spring up again at once, as if the cushion had been stuffed with pins.

"He'll take his meals standing for a while now," whispered Eli to Tip.

Mr. Potts noticed the movements, though he did not hear the words.

He knew instinctively that they concerned him, however, and as he ground his teeth his face assumed the malignant expression of a demon's.

A furious imprecation escaped his lips, and his father turned on him shaply.

"Leave the room, you blackguard," he said, indignantly. "I will have a further settlement with you to-night. And remember——"

"What?" demanded Mr. Potts, stopping as he retreated.

"Since you are so fond of cursing people, recollect that curses are like little chickens."

"Indeed!"

"And always come home to roost."

In another minute the door had banged behind him, and Mr. Potts was in the hall. In his hurry he almost fell over a man who was dragging a trunk along toward the front door. After swearing at him lustily for a minute, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, Parkins! is it you?"

"It is," returned the discharged footman, for it was none other.

"But where are you going?"

"Away."

"Why?"

"I'm bounced"

"You're bounced!"

"Yes."

"But—what for?"

"For checking a couple of infernal, fresh young pups that came here to ask for the doctor."

Mr. Potts uttered a cry of joy.

"Are they the two who are in there now?" he asked.

And he pointed to the reception-room door.

"They are, curse them!" responded Mr. Parkins, fervently.

"And would you like to get square with them?"

"Oh! wouldn't I just."

Mr. Potts's eyes sparkled, and his face flushed scarlet with the flush of triumph.

"Get your trunk out," he said," and then come with me. I want to have a talk with you, and if I can't put you up to a way to get even with them I'll give in."

Parkins snatched his trunk up and shouldered it out of the house in a miraculously brief space.

"And now," said Mr. Potts, with a last malevolent glance at the door, "we'll see if I can't pay back some old scores."

And he followed the flunky, who had already loaded his trunk into a waiting express wagon.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. POTTS'S PLOT.

AFTER dispatching the expressman with his luggage, Parkins announced himself at Mr. Potts's service.

The precious pair ensconced themselves in a quiet corner of the first barroom they found, and Mr. Potts said:

"You remember when I first saw you, Parkins?"

"Of course, sir."

"You were a servant in a gambling-house."

"And many's the dollar I've seen you win and lose there."

"Principally the latter."

"Well, yes. You did have bad luck, that's a fact, sir."

And Parkins grinned a mysterious and highly self-satisfied grin.

"Bad luck!" said Mr. Potts, angrily; "I was skinned out of my eyes, and you know it."

"Oh, well, now——"

"But never mind that; the money's gone."

"It's no use crying over spilt milk, sir."

"No; and I don't intend to. The reason I alluded to the place is, that there is a rough crowd hangs out there."

"The toughest ever made, sir."

"There are men among them who would do anything for money?"

"There's those that would cut a man's throat for a quarter."

"And you know them?"

"I know the best, or worst of them all, sir."

"Who is he?"

"His name's Brandon, but he is nicknamed Captain Thunder."

"Now, what I want to get at is this: You are down on those two chaps that got you discharged?"

"Like a sledge-hammer, curse them!"

"So am I!"

"You, sir?"

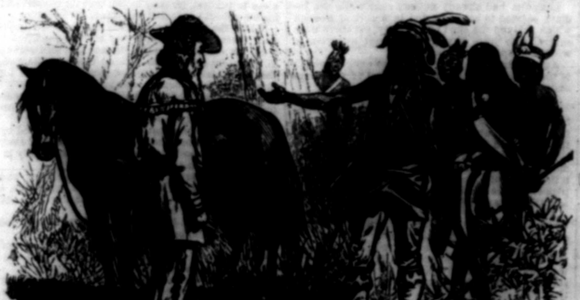
"Yes, me."

"But what have they done to you?"

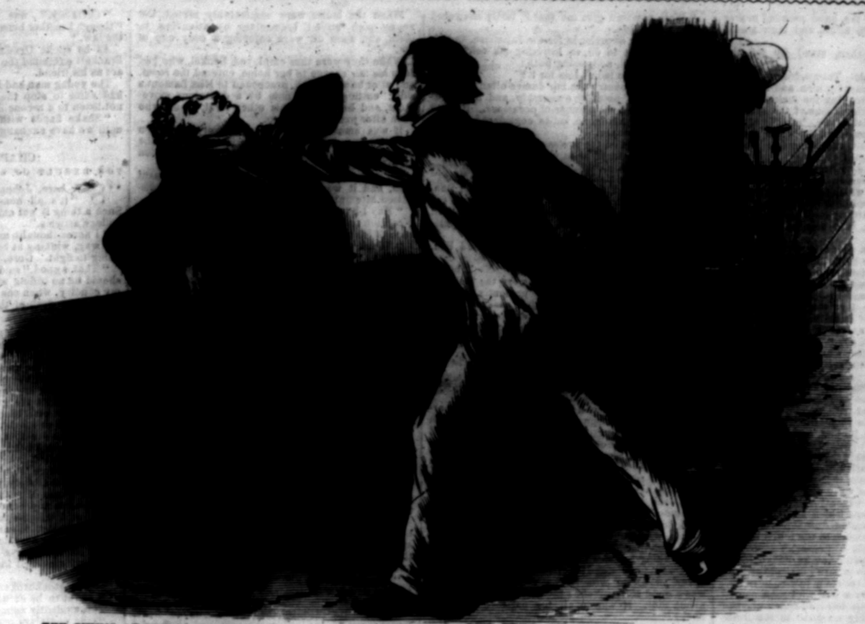
"Enough to make me hate them worse than I ever hated any living thing," hissed Mr. Potts, grinding his teeth, "and I'm willing to pay any money to be revenged on them—or rather on one."

"Which one?"

"The Yankee. The other one isn't worth bothering about. It's the Yankee has been at the bottom of everything."



LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"'WANT TO RIDE HOSS?' ASKED LONE WOLF, WITH A TANTALIZING GESTURE, MEANT TO REFER TO THE ATTEMPT OF THE WHITE MAN TO TAKE THE STEED."—SEE PAGE 54.



THE CHUMS AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—"'U-G-G-GUGH!' GURGLED BRACKETT. 'STOP!' 'YOU LITTLE IMP,' SAID HIS ASSAILANT, 'I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON!' 'GU-GU-GU! DON'T CHOKE—ME!' PLEADED JOHNNIE, WHO WAS REALLY BECOMING ALARMED."

"And you want to kill him?"

"Well, not exactly. They hang a fellow for murder, you know."

"They do have that inconvenient habit."

"What I would like to do would be to get that Yankee in a safe place, where I could just worry him, you know. I'd like to serve him out hot. You understand?"

"I do."

"And do you think we can work it?"

"Yes; if you'll come with me we'll hunt the captain up, right off."

They left the place at once, and never halted until they arrived at an extensive billiard and barroom on Broadway, a couple of blocks below Union Square.

The building was one of the old mansions which had lined the street when that section of New York was as fashionable as Fifth and Madison Avenues are to day.

At present, while its lower floor was used for the purpose already defined, those above served the purpose of a gaming-house as infamous as it is notorious.

If its walls could relate what has happened within them since they were converted to their present use, the tales of crime and ruin they would reveal would startle any hearer. Two men who were drinking brandy at a table looked up when Parkins and Mr. Potts entered.

They were none other than the seedy man who had played the pocket-book-dropping game on Eli Skillings, and the bogus Uncle Gregory Grimball.

Parkins walked directly up to them and whispered something in the ear of the last-named.

Then turning to Mr. Potts he said:

"This is Captain Thunder, sir.

"You wish to see me?" observed the latter.

"I do."

"Then let's get into the back room. There's no one there, and we can talk safely and at our ease."

The three adjourned to the apartment named, where Mr. Potts briefly unfolded his plan to the other.

"An Englishman and a Yankee, you say?" observed the captain.

"Yes, and a very green-looking pair they are, though they're not half as soft as they seem."

"If I'm not mistaken, I know them," said the other, with a darkening face, "and if I do I have a bone to pick with them, too."

"The Yankee is the one I'm after."

"And he's my man, too."

"You'll do it, then?"

"I will."

"And what do you want for the job?"

"Do you call five hundred dollars too much?"

"I wouldn't if I had it."

"How much have you got?"

"I raised three hundred to-day.

"Well, give me that. You can hand me the rest when the job is done."

"When will that be?"

"As soon as I can work it. Where can I find my men?"

"They're at my father's house now. You will have to follow them, and find out where they live."

"That's easily done. I've got a man outside who'll attend to that, and put me up to all he finds out."

"You won't fail, now?"

"Captain Thunder always keeps his word. Only keep quiet, and wait till you hear from me."

As they went out Parkins, at the captain's desire, sent the seedy pocketbook-dropper in to him.

"There's a job for you, Jim," observed the captain briefly.

"'Tis well, my lord," responded Jim, with theatrical gesture.

"And one it may be better for you to disguise yourself for."

"It shall be done."

"Get into that old-man make up. It's the best one you have. Then come back, and I'll put you up to the points. Do your best, now. It won't pay for you to be recognized."

"I won't be. I haven't been an actor for nothing. But, I say, cap."

And the speaker made a significant, jerky movement with his hand, suggestive of tossing off a drink.

"All right; call for some grog there."

The liquor was ordered and dispatched, when the ex-actor announced himself ready to go to work, and departed to assume the necessary disguise.

"What an actor was lost in that man!" muttered Captain Thunder, watching him off. "But rum fetched him. Ah! it's a bad habit—a bad habit."

And by way of proving that fact, the speaker tossed off another drink himself.

Our two friends, meanwhile, all unsuspicious of the trouble that was brewing for them, were still at Doctor Potts's house.

Tip had learned of the circumstances which had provided him with a cousin instead of an uncle.

Mr. Fossbrooke had married and made a fortune, and was contemplating a return to his native England, when he was murdered in the office of his warehouse on South Street.

The office safe, which contained a large sum of money, was opened and completely cleaned out.

The money and valuable papers were gone, while all the others had been burned in the grate.

Chandos Fossbrooke was a very eccentric man.

He had left England in consequence of a quarrel with his relatives, and sworn that they should never hear from or see him again till he was a rich man.

He had never written to them, and neither his wife nor his friends knew anything about him.

Consequently, the news of his tragic death could not be communicated to them, and when Tip left England his mother supposed her brother to be still alive.

His old partner had assumed the care of the murdered man's only child, whose mother succumbed to the shock of her husband's death.

As for the crime itself, it remains buried in mystery.

In spite of the investigations of some of the keenest detectives in America, no trace of the perpetrators had ever been discovered.

Hour followed hour, and still our adventurers were engaged with their new friends.

Then dinner was announced, which the doctor insisted on their joining him at.

It was nearly ten o'clock in the evening before they were finally ready to go.

"I have ordered the carriage around for you," remarked their host, as they took their leave, "and I shall expect you again as soon as you can make it convenient, mind."

"Where am I to drive to, sir?" asked the coachman, as they entered the vehicle.

"To Lambert's Hotel, Washington Square," replied Eli.

The carriage rattled off, while a figure started out from behind one of the marble pillars of the doctor's portico and watched it off with a satisfied smile.

It was the figure of an old man; but it was a decidedly strong and youthful voice which said, as the shape rubbed its hands, gleefully:

"By jingo! That was an easier job than I dared to hope for. Lambert's Hotel, Washington Square, eh? Now to tell the captain."

[To be continued.]

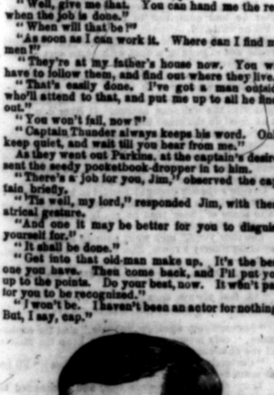
"Eli and Tip" was commenced in 668.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

JESSE T. DINGEE, JR.,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 24, CORNER OF WALL AND BEAVER STREETS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JESSE T. DINGEE, JR., is a boy of intelligent mind and energetic character, who was recently presented to us at Grammar School No. 24, corner of Wall and Beaver Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in New York City, January 13th, 1866, and is therefore thirteen years of age. He is the son of Jesse T. and Annie E. Dingee. He was only five years old when he was first sent to school, and his interest in study was immediately shown by great great diligence and improvement. Later he became a pupil in the lowest class of the Primary Department of No. 24, and he has advanced from class to class, through the departments of the same school, until we found him in the studies of the first grammar grade. The Principal stated that he was a pupil of excellent mind. When he sent his portrait for the engraving he wrote us a note, which is well composed. He is small in stature, with a large head, of striking development in the upper sections. His manners are modest and respectful. He is a boy with far more than the average natural intelligence, and such zeal in the pursuit of knowledge that he is becoming a very good scholar. He has also the sound common sense which keeps him from wrongdoing, as well as the strong affections which make him a dutiful son.

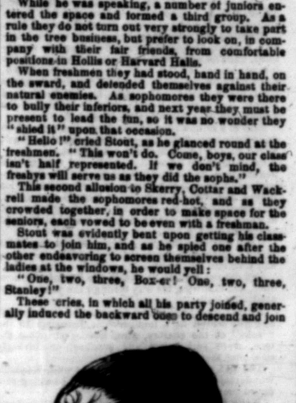


JESSE T. DINGEE, JR., PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 24, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MAGGIE G. STEWART,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MAGGIE G. STEWART is a distinguished pupil of Grammar School No. 4, Ryerson Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. She has also made quite a reputation as an elocutionist, having recited a variety of pieces at the school exhibitions and other public entertainments in Brooklyn with a great deal of applause. The Principal of the school, William M. Jelliffe, a well-known professor of elocution, assures us that Miss Stewart's talents as a reader, at her age, were equal to any that had ever been under his observation. As a scholar she has also won distinction in the different branches of the school. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 24th, 1864, and is therefore nearly fifteen years of age. She is the daughter of Robert H. and Annie M. Stewart. When eight years old she went to a private school, and soon after entered the Primary Department of No. 4. She has been diligent, and has made a satisfactory improvement at all times. She has a tender, amiable disposition, and a strong ambition. She is deeply grateful for all the efforts of her teachers, and encourages them by her own sincere and persevering efforts to succeed. Her special talents are so marked that they indicate future prominence for her, and at present they are receiving the best training. She has a pleasant, winning face, and her manners are graceful and composed.



MAGGIE G. STEWART, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 4, RYERSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Chums at Harvard College.

(A SEQUEL TO ORVILLE AND DAN.)

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," "INVENTIVE BEN," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEN EXHIBITS HIS ABILITY AS AN ACROBAT.

CLASS-DAY TREE is a noble elm growing in the quadrangle formed by the rear of Hollis Hall, Harvard Hall, a side of Holden Chapel and Harvard Square, the space between being about one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet.

From 1815, the closing exercises of class-day have been held around this tree, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the scramble for the bouquets are among the prominent features of the occasion.

Late in the afternoon, when the programme of dances in Memorial Hall was almost exhausted, a stout rope had been stretched around the elm, ringing in a space of about a hundred feet in diameter, and when this was secured, the janitor and his assistants arrived with several baskets of bouquets, the contents of which he proceeded to fasten to the tree—eight or nine feet from the ground—until the old trunk was wreathed with a beautiful garland.

He accomplished his work gravely and deliberately, it being the last service he would render the senior class, every member of which he "knew like a book."

"I reckon that will fix them," he said, as the ladder was taken away. "It's an inch higher than it was last year; but the boys grow more and more active, and I have to be even with them."

When he retired the space between the rope and the buildings began to fill, and it was not long before it was crammed with spectators, while the windows of Hollis and Harvard Halls, and even those of Holden Chapel, gradually blossomed with beautiful and manly faces, anxious for the fun to commence.

The afternoon sun blazed down upon the waiting crowd, and illuminated the features of those seated in the windows of Hollis, spite of which they kept their places, for nobody cared to miss the most interesting ceremony of the day.

As Benkel quitted the antique daughter of the professor, the seniors, for the last time, formed in front of Holworthy, but instead of being clothed in dress-suits and tall hats, were costumed like scarecrows. Even Mortimer had yielded to the excitement of the moment, and attired himself in a style suggestive of freshman days, his pants being of a loud, striped pattern, his vest of faded blue velvet, and his coat of light-brown, purposely worn inside out, while his hat was of the description known as "a shocking bad 'un," and bore on its front the year of his class.

The marshal had considerable difficulty in getting this gang into line. However, they finally sobered down, and with the band at their head visited and cheered the college buildings, and after planting the class ivy at Gore Hall marched on to the tree, keeping time to the tune of the class song.

While the seniors were cheering the buildings the freshmen had assembled in full force inside the roped inclosure. They knew the sophs would do their best to rough them, and were determined to give as good as they received.

"Boys," said Orville, who was evidently their leader, "this is the last chance the sophys will have to show their authority. Stick together, and don't let them break our ring."

Although hazing had, by the chums' act, been abolished, the old class feeling was, as it will ever be, still strong, and during the term the sophs had done their best to what they called "keep those beggars, the freshys, in their place."

Presently the sophomores marched into the inclosure and gathered in a group near the freshmen, whom they proceeded to chaff unmercifully.

"Oh, dry up!" shouted one of the latter class. "You fellows had better keep quiet or we'll shave you. You know we can do it."

This speech created great merriment among the spectators, most of whom had heard about the hazing scrape.

"You see what you've got through being civil to the Fillamores?" snarled Wackrell to Skerry. "I knew they'd throw that in our teeth."

"They're not accountable for what their classmates say," answered his chum. "It's no good getting your back up, old man."

While he was speaking, a number of juniors entered the space and formed a third group. As a rule they do not turn out very strongly to take part in the tree business, but prefer to look on, in company with their fair friends, from comfortable positions in Hollis or Harvard Halls.

When freshmen they had stood, hand in hand, on the sward, and defended themselves against their natural enemies. As sophomores they were there to bully their inferiors, and next year they must be present to lead the fun, so it was no wonder they "shied it" upon that occasion.

"Hello!" cried Stout, as he glanced round at the freshmen. "This won't do. Come, boys, our class isn't half represented. If we don't mind, the freshys will serve us as they did the sophs."

This second allusion to Skerry, Cottar and Wackrell made the sophomores red-hot, and as they crowded together, in order to make space for the seniors, each vowed to be even with a freshman.

Stout was evidently bent upon getting his classmates to join him, and as he spied one after the other endeavoring to screen themselves behind the ladies at the windows, he would yell:

"One, two, three, Box-er! One, two, three, Stanley!"

These cries, in which all his party joined, generally induced the backward ones to descend and join him and as the music of the band sounded nearer and nearer, they rallied in force, and their leader cried:

"Good boys! Now, then, stand by for the seniors!"

Louder swelled the music. Tramp, tramp, tramp, beat the feet of the approaching men, and amid the roar of the multitude thronging the inclosure and square, the delighted exclamations of the ladies at windows, and the "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" of the collegians, the seniors marched into the vacant space, and came to a halt, the lookers-on closing the ring as though by magic.

After giving them time to breathe, the marshal waved his baton and the seniors chanted their class-song, at the conclusion of which the cheering began.

First, the seniors cheered their own class.

Then the juniors, the latter joining in.

Next the sophomores, who swelled the salute until it echoed again.

Finally the freshmen, on which, instead of joining, the sophs set up doglike howls, indicative of their contempt for their inferiors, who returned the demonstration with compound interest.

When the sophomores and freshys had almost exhausted themselves, the four classes united and cheered the President, the Faculty, the ladies, with three times three and as many more—the professors, proctors, goodies, pocos and a number of Cambridge characters, after which they once more cheered the classes, then relapsed into panting silence.

Up to that time the students had stood in four dense groups. Now, as the marshal raised his baton the masses separated, and with wonderful rapidity formed into four complete rings, the seniors being nearest the tree, and the juniors, sophs and freshmen in due order.

As they stood motionless in the sunlight, the ladies saluted them with a pattering of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, and when the sound had ceased the marshal said, in a loud voice:

"After the seniors have sung 'Auld Lang Syne,' I will wave my hand, upon which the classes will move round the tree, seniors and sophomores to the right, juniors and freshmen to the left. When I raise my baton the running will cease."

"Now for it," said Orville, as he linked hands with Dan and Benkei, who in turn grasped those on their right and left. "Give 'em a tussle, boys!"

The sophomores, led by a powerful man named Samson, began to breathe hard and also clasped hands, their glances boding no good to the freshmen.

"I wish those men would not look so savage," said Nellie to Mortimer's affianced. "I am afraid they hate the freshmen awfully."

The young lady smiled and pointed to the seniors, who, hand-in-hand, commenced to sing the well-known song, swinging their arms to the movement of the air, and gradually increasing their action until greater speed was impossible, when the marshal gave the signal and the running round the tree began.

This did not last long, as the official soon raised his baton, but even in that short space of time the sophs and freshmen had contrived to get into a tussle, during which they gave and took some very hard knocks, while the surging mass of seniors nearest the tree turned all their attention to securing the bouquets forming the wreath.

As they were climbing, leaping, jumping, swarming, yelling and scrambling, Benkei emerged from the outer circles, and fighting his way toward Don Mortimer, mounted his shoulders as an acrobat climbs a pole, and from thence sprang from head to head until he touched the tree, then, by dint of sheer strength, leaped up and succeeded in reaching a knotty projection about two feet above the floral ring.

It was such a tremendous feat that the contesting seniors on his side of the track stopped their struggle for an instant, while the spectators uttered mingled cries of amazement and fear.

"Oh, oh, oh! look at Mr. Benkei!" exclaimed Nellie, and as she spoke the glances of five thousand pairs of bright eyes were directed toward him.

Grasping the wart-like excrescence with his sinewy, nervous fingers, Ben turned a complete somersault, until he contrived to hook his feet on to the lowest branch of the tree, then reaching down, amid deafening cheers, plucked the first bouquet from the wreath, and raising his head, glanced toward Hollis, when Sophie, who had watched his action with breathless horror, fainted.

Benkei was unaware of this, he having enough to do to keep from falling among the screaming crowd, which surged below him like a living wave.

He once more lowered himself, and with nimble fingers tore bouquet after bouquet from the garland, then securing a couple of the bunches in his bosom, released his toes, rolled himself into a ball, and dropped into the thick of the struggling mass, in which he was for some seconds tossed hither and thither like a big ball.

Upon touching the ground he dropped one of his prizes, which was instantly grabbed by the boys and torn into fragments.

Ben did not wait to ascertain the fate of the bouquet, but elbowing his way through the jam, started for Hollis Hall.

By that time Sophie had recovered from her faint and was seated in a lounge-chair, listening to the "'rahs" of the seniors, who, having stripped the tree, were embracing one another, or lovingly smashing their chums' hats.

The fact was, they were just about wild, Benkei's wonderful exhibition of acrobatic skill having rendered them almost crazy.

While they were hugging and larking, Ben burst into Skerry's room, waving his prize; as he did so Sophie and the professor's daughter simultaneously advanced, crying:

"Oh, thank you so much."

Of course everybody heard this and turned, their action causing the Japanese to blush like a schoolgirl.

He was completely nonplussed.

Sophie was smiling at him, and holding out her hand upon his right, and the grim spinster was doing the same on his left.

Poor Benkei Yuzo! Just at that moment he wished he had never quitted Japan, while, to add to his agony, Nellie, Rose and the Mortimer girls were regarding him with unconcealed merriment.

CHAPTER XXV.

BENKEI ACTS FOR HIS FRIEND SKERRY.

THE professor's daughter was determined to have the bouquet, deeming it hers by right.

Sophie Lamont meant to make Benkei give it to her, just for the fun of the thing.

Both ladies were somewhat jealous of one another.

"I—I—I secured two," stammered Ben, glancing alternately at them. "I dropped one of them."

"Well, you can give me that!" tartly answered the grim maiden.

It was a new experience for the Japanese, and he knew not what to do, so lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, addressing both:

"Suppose you ladies toss for it?"

In his own country the fair dames often thus decide a disputed point of ownership, and the collegians do it upon all manner of occasions. He was unaware that American ladies considered the act anything but proper.

"What!" sniffed the professor's daughter; "Mr. Benkei, I am astonished at you!"

"Eh?" said Sophie, biting her cherry lip, in order to check her inclination to laugh outright. "Toss?"

At that instant, luckily for Benkei, Orville, Dan, Stout, Skerry and Johnnie Brackett entered the room and relieved him of his embarrassment, Stout, who carried off a bouquet, advancing to Sophie, bowing and presenting her with the flowers.

"Won't you please accept this?" pleaded Ben, following the other lady to her seat.

Miss —— was mad enough to say "No," but it being considered the correct thing for the belles to secure at least one bouquet, she presently relented and took the offering, after which, as she noticed the other ladies were making a demonstration toward leaving the room, she said, in a tart voice:

"And now, Mr. Benkei, will you kindly escort me home?"

"With—with—immense pleasure, miss," he replied.

This was overheard by Sophie and the boys, who were vastly amused by it.

The learned lady took some time to adjust her arrangements, and while she was thus occupied Ben was slyly watching the group collected around Sophie, who was holding an animated conversation with Brackett, Stout, Skerry and Dan.

"Now this is what I call a touching meeting," laughingly remarked Johnnie, winking at his host. "It's the best thing yet—a sort of Harvard millennium—the lion, soph, lying down with the lamb, freshman."

"I do not understand you," merrily answered Sophie, who had never heard of the hazing scrape.

All the other ladies were ready to start, and were only waiting for Miss Lamont and her admirers.

"Don't understand?" cried Brackett, who was never known to miss telling what he considered was a good story; "oh, I thought everybody knew about that. It was in all the papers; wasn't it, Sker?"

Just at that moment Skerry wished Johnnie a thousand miles away. He knew full well if he were not checked the wag would relate the incident, so coughing significantly, he remarked:

"Come, Brack, you're delaying the departure of my guests. I don't think Miss Lamont will care to hear about that miserable affair."

"Oh, but it's too funny for anything," continued Johnnie, as taking one part of the hint he offered his arm to Sophie. "Come, Miss Lamont, permit me to be your escort as far as Mortimer's rooms. On our way I will relate this joke."

The young lady accepted his company, and they headed the exit from Skerry's quarters.

"Don't mind him, chum," said Orville, who, with Dan, lingered a moment in order to soothe the ire of poor Skerry. "He's not a responsible being, you know. Come over to Mortimer's with us to tea?"

"Confound him!" hissed the tall sophomore, "I'd like to choke the idiot. After this I can't face that young lady."

"Oh, nonsense," whispered Dan; "Miss Lamont will stop him before he gets half way through with his story. She's a very sedate girl, and dislikes practical jokes. Don't you worry, old man. Come, escort my sister Nellie. I have to attend to Don's young lady. Brack isn't quite right in the head."

By that time the visitors were descending the stairs, so Skerry yielded, and smothering his mortification, quitted the room with the brothers, and was presently "doing the amiable" to the eldest Miss Fillamore.

"The tea will not be ready for half an hour," remarked Don, who now rejoined them, dressed in evening costume. "I've been over to my rooms, and found the caterer had only just arrived. I told Brackett of this, and if you like we shall stroll a while in the grounds."

Of course everybody was agreeable, and breaking up into groups, they perambulated the quad, admired the buildings, and chatted over the events of the day.

The appearance of Mortimer had relieved Dan of the pleasure of escorting the senior's fiancée, and he being left without a companion, moved to Skerry's side and said, in a low tone:

"I'll go ahead and fix Johnnie. Leave him to me."

"Thank you, old fellow," whispered the tall sophomore. "He's rattling away in his usual senseless style, and the lady appears to be vastly amused."

Away went Dan, who presently came up with Sophie and her escort.

"Yes," Johnnie was gleefully remarking to her, "he and Cottar and Wackrell were caught nicely, and shaved as bald as Professor X——. I wonder you never heard of it."

As Sophie was about to reply, Dan touched the narrator on the sleeve and remarked, in a quiet tone:

"Drop that, Brackett. Skerry is as mad as a cat about your referring to it."

"Mad, is he?" coolly answered the wag. "Oh, all right. I've told it now. I think it's too good to keep; don't you, Miss Lamont?"

"It is wonderfully amusing," replied the laughing girl. "I'd like to have a copy of the poem. It beats the class ode all to pieces."

"Yes," chuckled Johnnie; "it was the best thing yet. "Probably not very first-class as a literary production, but tiptop as a squib."

"Sophie," urged Dan, "you won't let Skerry see that you know about this, will you?"

"I sha'n't dare to look at him," she merrily replied. "Dan, I think you and Orv and Mr. Benkei did just right."

"Well, Sker has made up for it nobly to-day," pleaded the other. "He feels terribly bad about Johnnie speaking of the affair before everybody."

"All right, Dan," said Brackett. "I'll drop it, and will apologize to Sker. Will that suit you?"

The freshman nodded, and rejoining the object of their conversation, remarked, in an undertone:

"I've fixed it all right, Skerry."

"Thank you, Fillamore," gratefully answered the soph.

He was immensely relieved by what Dan had said, and felt he could now face Sophie, with whom he was greatly smitten.

The party sauntered about the yard and chatted, until Don's scout announced that tea was ready, when they returned to the senior's room, where a second spread awaited them.

When the ladies were comfortably seated, the young men busied themselves by attending to them, and soon all were enjoying a cozy cup of tea.

While they were thus employed, Benkei, who had seen his fair charge to her home, entered the room, and after bowing to all, proceeded to Miss Lamont's side; cutting out Johnnie by a dexterous movement, and heading off his other rival, Stout, who soon after joined the group.

It was amusing to see the grin of satisfaction upon Ben's face, while Sophie, who understood the move, laughed to herself and enjoyed the position amazingly.

All three of the collegians were clever, pleasant men, and it was amusing to witness their undisguised attempts to monopolize her society.

"May I have the pleasure of escorting you to the reception to-night?" said Benkei, ignoring the presence of Stout and Brackett.

"Thank you, Mr. Benkei," she replied, adding, archly: "That is, if Miss —— will spare you?"

"Will you honor me, later in the evening, with your society?" said Stout, who, as a junior, had the true class contempt for a freshman, although, after that day, Ben would no longer be of that despised rank. "I shall be most happy to wait upon you."

"I believe that I have a prior claim to Miss Lamont's charming society," said Johnnie, pertly. "Will you honor me, miss?"

He was not going to be walked over by any junior, no matter if the latter were a crack oarsman.

"I am sorry I cannot avail myself of all your kind offers," quietly replied Sophie, with just a tinge of mischief in her voice. "I have accepted the society of a—Mr. Skerry."

This evidently annoyed Stout, who was used to carrying everything before him, and he showed what he felt by bowing and retiring, while Brackett, who was not so easily put off, remarked:

"Skerry? Oh—ah—yes. He's one of the men my friend Benkei shaved. Don't you remember? I told you the story."

Ben glanced significantly at him, but you could no more stop his tongue than make a dead man speak. While as he was rattling off his description, the object of his remarks approached the lady and overheard the speaker's last words, which were:

"Now, when one knows this, I defy them to look at Sker and remain serious. He looked just like the pictures of Wilkins Micawber."

Sophie little thought the victim was so near, for she smiled at Johnnie's words, and as she did so caught sight of Skerry, who blushed like a girl, stammered out something about waiting for her at the reception-room, and retired, followed by Brackett, who, as they reached the entry, said:

"Say, old fellow, you're not mad, are you?"

Skerry was too much of a gentleman to desire a scene; still he felt he must say something to his cheeky classmate, so seizing him by the arm, he led him into a recess and hissed:

"You babbling idiot! after this never speak to me again!"

"But I didn't know you were listening," urged Johnnie. "I was merely telling her about that hazing scrape of yours. You needn't get your mad up. It was in all the papers. I suppose you're mad because I tried to secure her for a promenade this evening?"

This taunt fairly drove Skerry wild, and with a cry of rage he grasped the grinning sophomore by the throat, and forcing him against the wall, cried:

"Hang you!"

There was no one else in the entry, and the doors of the various rooms were closed in order to insure privacy to the parties within.

In the heat of the moment Skerry was unaware of the force he used, and almost choked the joker.

"U-g-g-ugh!" gurgled Brackett. "Stop!"

"You little imp," said his assailant, "I'll teach you a lesson!"

"Gu-gu-gu! Don't ch-oke—me!" pleaded Johnnie, who was really becoming alarmed.

The other gave him a final shake and parting squeeze and dropped him on the mat, in the recess, then strode away, saying:

"You idiot, you've spoilt my evening!"

Johnnie heard this, and after his assailant was well out of sight, rose, arranged his crushed shirt-collar and white tie, and went off to his rooms, where he changed his damaged garments for others, chuckling to himself as he did so, and murmuring:

"Never mind! I've cut him out with the young lady. I guess that was what made him so consumedly mad! Some fellows can't take a joke."

When he rejoined the party the grounds were illuminated, and presently they all quitted Mortimer's rooms and promenaded upon the sward, until it was time to attend the President's reception.

"Isn't this a jam?" said Benkei to his fair charge, as they came away from the crush. "I wonder where Skerry is?"

"Ah, Miss Lamont," exclaimed Johnnie, who was on the lookout for her, "Mr. Skerry isn't very well, and will not be able to have the pleasure of escorting you this evening. May I take his place?"

Sophie guessed the reason of the tall sophomore's absence, so she smiled, graciously, but declined his offer, feeling really sorry for Skerry's mortification.

Benkei was in his glory, and, but for his promise to Orv, would have proposed to his fair companion—and been laughingly rejected.

The next morning, when Brackett reached the college, a letter was handed to him by Benkei, who, like most of his countrymen, was a believer in what is known as "The Code of Honor," and at Skerry's request had agreed to be his second in a duel.

The following was the purport of the communication.

"No —, Hollis, Harvard College,
June 21st, 18—.

"JOHN BRACKETT, Esq., present:

"SIR—You last night deliberately and maliciously endeavored to humiliate me in the presence of a lady who shall be nameless. As nothing but the satisfaction due one gentleman from another will appease my anger, I hereby challenge you to meet me on the field of honor, leaving the choice of weapons to yourself.

"My friend, Mr. Yuzo Benkei, who bears this cartel, will receive your reply, and will wait upon whoever you may induce to act as your second.

"Of course you are aware that such a meeting as ours is unlawful, but I trust to your honor to respect my challenge, and that you will defy the law and afford the satisfaction of a gentleman to

"Yours very respectfully,
"WALDRON F. SKERRY."

Johnnie read this over thrice, then glancing at Benkei, who was looking as pugnacious as a bantam rooster, said:

"Was old Sker sober when he penned this?"

"Yes, sir," sternly answered Ben. "Of course you will accept it and name your second?"

"Certainly," was Johnnie's prompt reply; "though I neither believe in dueling nor in breaking the law."

As he spoke Orville arrived on the scene, and Brackett exhibited the letter and asked if he would act as his friend.

The young man had heard all about the row, and had come to stop the quarrel, but Johnnie would not listen to a reconciliation, remarking:

"Shake hands with him? Never! that is, not until we have exchanged shots."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RESULT OF SKERRY'S CHALLENGE.

"SEE here, Johnnie," remonstrated Orville—"it's all nonsense to talk about dueling. Such a thing is not only absurd, but is against the college articles."

"I never thought much of the latter," chuckled the wag, winking at him. "My mad is up, and I'm going to fight. Gore, my boy, gore, is the word!"

"That is good," said Benkei, admiringly. "There should be no trifling with a matter of this kind. In my country, when one student insults the other, you behold the flash of their weapons. Our poet, Takano, says:

"'He who, in the defense of his honor,
Declines to unsheathe his sword,
Is worse than the coward who,
Dreading the advancing foe,
Flees from the battlefield.
When you are insulted, draw your blade;
Fight until the ground around you
Steams with blood and resembles
A field of scarlet poppies.
Thus, and only thus, can a scholar
Defend his honor.'"

"Why, chum," quietly remarked Orv, "you're terrible bloodthirsty this morning. I always took you for a man of peace?"

Not when my honor or that of my friends is in question," said Benkei, proudly. "We Japanese have a saying, 'Bear poverty, bear sorrow, bear sickness, bear anything but insult.'"

"That must have been written by an Aino?" smilingly observed his chum. "They are fond of bears."

"Or a stockbroker," said Johnnie, with a grin. "It ought to be entitled 'The Four Bears.'"

This evidently annoyed Ben, who said:

"Our poets are neither Ainos nor stockbrokers; they are the lights of the world! Mr. Brackett, name the place of meeting, your choice of weapons, and who will act as your second. This is not a joke."

"Come, come," interposed Orville, "the matter has gone far enough, Ben. Our customs are different from yours. We do not fight duels."

"No," bitterly retorted the Japanese, taking up a newspaper and pointing to the heading; "when your people get mad they shoot at one another on the street, and kill innocent bystanders. See there!" then turning to the smiling sophomore, added: "Which is it to be—swords or pistols?"

"Neither," answered Johnnie, assuming a grave air. "I never handled either in my life."

"Then I presume you choose the rifle?" said Ben.

"It shall never be said that I have *rifled* a classmate," returned Brackett, as solemnly as a judge delivering a sentence. "Besides, Skerry is a member of the Harvard Corps, and can make a bull's-eye every time. No, Mr. Benkei, this is my decision. I will meet your principal to-morrow at two A. M., by the big willow on Cambridge marshes."

"And the weapons?" inquired Benkei, bowing.

"Shall be bean-blowers," said Johnnie. "I am more familiar with them than with any other weapon, can pot my man in the eye at sixty paces like a bird," saying which he turned to the convulsed Orville and asked, in the same serious tone: "Will you, my friend, consent to act as my second?"

"Yes, under the circumstances," answered Orv, after he had contrived to check his merriment. "I'll be on hand, Johnnie."

At first Ben could scarcely believe Brackett would not engage in a duel with some sort of firearm or sword.

"Surely you're not in earnest?" he pleaded.

"I never was more so in my life," gravely replied Johnnie. "See here, chum, I am willing to fight with the weapons named. If Sker don't like it he must do the other thing."

"Suppose we adjourn to his room and settle the matter like gentlemen?" suggested Orv. "Chum shall be one arbitrator and I the other. Ben, old man, surely you would not have blood shed when the ladies are here in Cambridge?"

Orville's speech brought Benkei to his senses, for the good fellow had become so worked up by his false sense of honor that he really thought a meeting was necessary.

The four young men went over to Hollis, and on entering Skerry's room, Brackett held out his hand, saying:

"I apologize, old fellow. You know the old saying:

"'A fool always speaks at the wrong time;
The wrong time with him is always.'"

"I accept your apology, Johnnie," said the sophomore, "only let me beg of you to keep the matter of the challenge quiet."

"Certainly," was the cheerful response; "I'll be as mum as a mouse."

They shook hands over this, and proceeded to their class-rooms.

Of course Brackett meant to do as he had promised, but somehow it leaked out, and that evening one of the bulletin-boards in front of University Hall bore a paper, which read:

"NOTICE.

"*The duel with bean-blowers is indefinitely postponed.*"

Johnnie vowed that he had not blabbed, and offered to take his oath with regard to the same.

It ultimately came out that, with his usual carelessness, he had dropped Skerry's challenge in the yard, and the finders had used the information, Brackett having endorsed the paper:

"MEM.—Accepted inclosed; weapons, bean-blowers; time, 2 A. M.; place, big willow, Cambridge marshes.
J. B."

Luckily for the sophomore, everybody was busily employed preparing for commencement.

Dueling, or sending a challenge, is a crime in the eyes of the Faculty, and had the circumstance come to their knowledge, Skerry would not have been permitted to return to college.

Orville and Dan talked very seriously to Benkei with regard to his share in the matter, and he promised them never again to mix himself up in such an affair.

That afternoon Stout called upon the brothers, and told them they must go to Quinsigamond right away, as the Yale men had a very strong team, and Orville and Dan must begin practice in the university boat at once.

"But," objected Orv, "our folks are here, and we want to stay and see the degrees conferred. Mortimer is a great friend of ours, and——"

"There's no 'and' about it," was the quick response, for the captains of the Harvard crews are autocrats, accustomed to be obeyed. "The race entirely depends upon you two men. When I was a fresh, I'd have jumped at such a chance to distinguish myself! Your friends will get along all right, and as you are well up on the rank-list, it will be a great thing to show those who grumble about athletics that our boys can be both accomplished students and first-rate oarsmen. It's a class-matter, too, and if you enable our side to win, you are sure of election to any society you may desire to join—they'll all rush for you."

The brothers were not in the least influenced by this soft solder; however, they thought it over a while, and finally agreed to go.

Orville arranged the various little matters necessary, and Dan went down to Ivy Hall and communicated with their parents.

"We shall all be present at the race," remarked Mr. Mortimer, in his usual grand style. "I have no doubt of your ability, still I think it somewhat injudicious to have freshmen in a university crew. In my time things were managed differently at Harvard."

That afternoon Orville, Dan and Benkei quitted Cambridge and started for Lake Quinsigamond.

"Poor Mr. Mortimer," said Dan, as they settled themselves for the journey. "He feels bad that we should have places in the university boat. Well, we'll convert him to modern ideas."

"Yes," nodded Orv. "We'll win the race, or our names are not Fillamore!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CHUMS MEET RADWAY MORRICE.

ALTHOUGH Stout had referred to Orville and Dan as freshmen, the brothers were no longer of that grade, they, with Benkei, having passed very creditably at the late examinations, and occupying good places on the list of new sophomores.

It is true they did not head the rank; still they had done remarkably well, and, as the captain said, would, if they won the race, show people that a man can be both a good scholar and a first-class athlete.

As the train sped toward Quinsigamond, they chatted over their future at Harvard, and Orv said:

"Next term I shall pitch into electives. I have made up my mind to go in for physics. I want to become an electrician."

"And I shall dig at chemistry," remarked Dan. "For what do you intend to go in, Ben?"

"Natural history and medicine," answered the Japanese. "When we return to Hondo, I shall be able to doctor my countrymen in a civilized manner."

"What!" cried Orv; "don't you think Doctor Kuroda Heiji, the man who burnt, punched and punctured you at Waka-matsu, was right? I thought you liked his treatment?"

Benkei's mouth twitched merrily as he replied:

"You forget that then I was a mere savage. Since studying at Harvard I have learned better. As our poet, Yomo Ya-su-no-suke, says:

"'Before Izan-agi and Izan-ami
All was darkness and ignorance.'"

"These were the Japanese, lady and gentleman, who invented the game of euchre," said Dan to his brother. "The night you visited Bangs, Ben told me the whole story."

"You need not make fun of our gods," said the other. "I never guy your Adam and Eve."

"*Your* gods!" laughingly retorted Dan. "Come, Ben, old man, do you mean to say you believe the story about Izan-agi, Izan-ami, and the way they created the islands of Japan?"

Benkei rolled his eyes and chuckled, then said:

"Well, one must believe something. I don't think there is very much difference between us. Izan-agi, Izan-ami, Adam and Eve, lived a good many years ago, and it is folly for us to argue about them. Suppose we talk of the *coming* race, and not of those lost in the mists of antiquity?"

"Shall we laugh, Orv?" said Dan. "Coming race—races lost in the past."

"I think Ben got off a good one that time," answered his brother, with a smile. "I do not believe we have learned enough of Japanese to make a pun in the language. The coming race and the past is rather a neat idea. Go to the head of the class, Ben; you'll average ninety-nine at punning every time."

"Yes, I agree with you, boys," said a voice behind them. "Well, how are you? Going down to see your crew beaten?"

On hearing this they turned and beheld Radway Morrice, who, dressed in a sporting-suit garnished with various articles of jewelry, looked like anything but a gentleman.

"You remember me, don't you?" he said, addressing Benkei, with a patronizing air. "How is that other Jap, who was at the old mill? I hear you let poor Bangs in for it nicely."

Ben curled at this, for the passengers were all gaping at him as though he was a curiosity; so, looking the ex-sophomore straight in the face, he replied, in a quiet, yet perfectly audible, voice:

"Yes, I remember you well enough. You're one of the two men who were expelled from Harvard at the beginning of the term. I believe your chum is now an inmate of the State prison."

Had Ben struck Morrice in the face he could not have stung him worse.

He rose, and putting his hand behind him, as though to draw a weapon, uttered an exclamation of rage, but ere he knew it was grasped by Orville and Dan and hustled out of the car on to the rear platform; Benkei, whose eyes flashed angrily, following them quickly.

"You coward!" hissed Orv, confronting Morrice.

As his friend spoke, Ben closed the door after them, in order to keep back the passengers.

"Would you dare to draw a pistol in a car filled with people, in the presence of women and children?" said Dan. "Hand it over!"

At first Morrice fought savagely, he being determined not to give up his weapon; however, in the struggle, it dropped from his pocket and was secured by Dan.

As this was accomplished, the conductor and two brakemen arrived upon the scene and parted the pair.

"Give me my revolver!" gasped the ruffian, after the chums had told their story. "Conductor, I did not draw it. I demand your aid in its recovery!"

"You must return it to the gentleman," said the official. "If you retain it he can charge you with theft."

The train was crossing a trestle-bridge, which spanned a small lake.

On hearing the conductor's speech, Dan glanced contemptuously at Morrice and said:

"You want your precious weapon, do you?" then, tossing it into the water, added: "Go and fetch it!"

"I'll make you pay for this!" cried the other, retreating to the next car and opening the door, so as to let the passengers hear what he said. "I'll show you that you Harvard men cannot do as you like on this line."

"Come, talk enough, gentlemen," remarked the conductor, as the chums motioned to renew the trouble; "take my advice and drop your quarrel, or I shall have to join in."

"All right," said Orv. "We've done what we wanted—disarmed that fellow."

When they returned to their seats the passengers applauded them, and one old gentleman remarked;

"You acted bravely! A few days ago that man met my grandson, to whom he introduced himself as a Harvard student; before they parted he won every cent my relative had in his pocket. He is a swindler!"

The chums explained what they knew about Morrice, and Orv said:

"We have such a contempt for a man who carries a weapon that we always go for him! We never wait for him to do us an injury, but treat him as we would a mad dog!"

"Quite right," said a lady who was seated near; "I lost a handsome son through the reckless discharge of a revolver; he was sitting in the veranda of our house when some one shot him. We never could discover who did it."

When they reached their destination, Stout met them, and, on seeing Benkei, observed, with undisguised displeasure:

"See here, your chum cannot stay with you. We've no spare beds at our quarters."

"Then we shall decline to row," quietly answered Dan. "Where we go Ben goes, too."

"Oh, I never use a bed," merrily remarked the Japanese. "I can plank it anywhere."

It was finally arranged that he should sleep on the floor of his friends' room, Stout knowing full well if he did not yield the brothers would decline to row.

When he heard of their meeting with Radway Morrice he looked very grave, and remarked:

"Hang that scrub! If he sees you at practice he will spoil all my plans. You'll have to row early in the morning, between one and three o'clock."

For several hours during each of the next ten days Orville and Dan worked with the crew. Meanwhile, after witnessing the commencement exercises, the Mortimers and Fillamores, with their friends, arrived in the village and awaited the event of the boat-race.

About six o'clock on the morning of the struggle two ladies, mounted on horses that showed signs of having been desperately hard ridden, reined in their steeds at the gate of the farmhouse temporarily occupied by the University crew, and excitedly inquired for Orville and Dan.

"Can't see them, missie," replied the colored man who acted as guard.

"But we must either speak with or write to them," said Nellie, who was one of the visitors. "We are the gentlemen's sisters, and what we have to tell them is of the utmost importance."

"Can't help it, missie," answered the man. "If you will write a note I'll put it in dis box. Cap'n Stout say he won't look at any telegrams or letters, or permit any ob de crew to do so, or see any visitors whatsomever, until de race am ober."

"I tell you it will be lost unless we can see our brothers," urged Rose, who accompanied her sister. "We must see them or Captain Stout."

As she spoke Radway Morrice came riding along the soft turf at the side of the highway. On seeing the girls he dismounted, secured his horse to a tree, and creeping behind a hedge advanced to within listening distance of them.

The betting fraternity had learned about Orville and Dan, and the latter had been pestered with spies, both male and female, hence the strict orders given to the janitor.

It only wanted an hour to the time fixed for the race, and the ladies were almost crazy with indignation and anxiety, spite of which the guard was firm.

"Come, sister," said Rose; "we have done all we could; let us return to the hotel."

"No!" quickly and decisively answered Nellie, turning her horse's head. "We will try a last resort. Follow me."

As they hurriedly rode off, Morrice rose, and peeping over the hedge, watched them, saying:

"Go it, girls; but with all your smartness you can't stop Yale from winning. I shall get even with Orville and Dan this time."

He returned to his horse, and was presently galloping in the direction of the grand stand.

An hour afterward, when the various boats were assembling at the starting-point, he was shouting, in a loud voice:

"Ten to one against Harvard! Ten to one Yale wins!"

(To be continued.)

"Three Chums at Harvard College" was commenced in No. 567

THE NEW CAMPAIGN AGAINST SITTING BULL.

IN consequence of the reports that bands of Sioux from Sitting Bull's encampment in Canada had crossed the line, and while ostensibly hunting buffalo were raiding isolated white settlements, orders were issued in the latter part of June to General Nelson A. Miles to organize and put in motion, with all haste, a strong column to drive the Indians back. With his accustomed alacrity the famous young Indian-fighter proceeded to execute his orders, and as we write has already had an encounter with the invading hostiles. He established his supply depot at Old Fort Peck, using the steamers *Rosebud* and *Dakota* in gathering his men and materials. On the 8th of June two companies of the Sixth Infantry arrived at the camp, and a few hours later the *Dakota* appeared with supplies of all kinds for the expedition. On the morning of the 9th his scouts reported at the south bank of the Missouri. Throughout that day the boats were engaged in transporting troops, friendly Indians, guns, ammunition, etc., to the north bank. General Miles took his departure from Fort Benton, July 14th, with 800 men. He left a guard at Fort Peck and four companies at Mussel Shell, and started north with the rest. He had with him a battery of six Rodman and Hotchkiss guns, 140 boxes of shell, 22,000 rounds of revolver cartridges, 200,000 rounds of rifle cartridges, twenty-five travois and several ambulances.

The first intelligence from the moving column was in the form of a dispatch from Fort Keogh, which said an engagement took place near the mouth of Beaver Creek on the 17th, between two companies of troops and Lieutenant Clark's Indian scouts of General Miles's command, and 300 hostile Sioux. The troops lost four Indian scouts killed, and two soldiers were wounded. When General Miles's main column, which was twelve miles, came up, the Indians were pursued fifteen miles, but made their escape to Sitting Bull's camp, which was but a few miles off, and on this side the line. Bear Wolf's band of Crows, who are at Terry's Landing, report 390 lodges of Sioux on this side of the Missouri, on their way to Keogh to make friends with the whites.

On July 24th Secretaries McCrary, Thompson and Schurz had a conference at the War Department with regard to the present Indian outlook in the Northwest. They were unanimously of the opinion that every precaution to prevent hostilities with the Indians should be taken, and as positive orders have been sent to General Miles to proceed cautiously and quietly, and not to bring on a war, no serious conflict is anticipated, although, of course, it cannot be known what action Sitting Bull may take should he perceive the soldiers near the Canadian line. It is thought to be the intention of General Miles to approach the border with a view to reconnoitring Sitting Bull's camp. With reference to the reports from American sources that Sitting Bull's band is on the warpath, the Canadian Department of the Interior does not credit any such rumors. Recent advices from the Northwest say that Sitting Bull and his men are peacably inclined. Their relations with the mounted police were never more satisfactory. It is believed that General Miles has been misled by the traders and scouts, who are always anxious for a fight. All is quiet within the Canadian territory.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT PATERSON FALLS, NEW JERSEY.

RECENTLY Miss Euphemia Jessup, of New York, visited Paterson, N. J., and one afternoon accompanied a male friend for a row on the river. The waters were somewhat swollen, and the two were so engaged in earnest conversation that they suffered the boat to drift beyond the usual boundary line, and to be drawn into the current that sets toward the falls. As soon as they discovered their danger, they used every exertion to save themselves. Their efforts, however, were in vain. The boat was drawn over, and Miss Jessup and her friend were precipitated into the flood.

The gentleman, who was a good swimmer, did all in his power to save his companion, but only once did the body appear after being submerged. The gentleman was so exhausted that at last he had to seek the land for safety. Later in the day the body of the unfortunate girl was recovered.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XXIV.

(Continued from page 56.)

TIME came for the boys to leave, and young Pickwick watched the other boys as they merrily left the schoolroom.

The article which Tom Ely had dropped still lay upon the floor.

It was a gold locket.

Young Pickwick slipped it into his pocket to return to Tom Ely, and then bent over his books.

He gave a sigh of relief when he at length heard the clock strike the hour, and knew that he was free.

He rushed out in the playground and ran against the Diddler.

"Halloa, dear boy! Do you know where Tom Ely is?" asked young Pickwick.

"No, I don't," returned the Diddler. "Shouldn't fret if I never saw his ugly face again."

"I want to see him," said young Pickwick.

"Didn't think you were fond of him—queer fish—very," said the Diddler; "have nothing to do with him, dear boy."

"He is no favorite of mine, Diddler," said young Pickwick; "I always give him the cold shoulder, and would just as soon think of shaking hands with a fish as of taking his clammy paw."

"Thought as much," said the Diddler; "but what do you want him for?"

"I have picked up something he has dropped," said young Pickwick, "and I want to return it immediately. He is almost mean enough to pretend that I took it."

"Anything valuable, dear boy?"

"You can see for yourself," returned young Pickwick.

And he held up a small locket, strangely chased.

"Where did you find that?" said the Diddler.

He snatched the locket out of young Pickwick's hand.

"Mind what you are at, old fellow, or I shall have a row with you," said Pickwick.

But the Diddler paid no heed to his chum's words.

He was in the act of opening the locket, when young Pickwick called upon him to stop.

"Stop, dear boy."

"Why should I?" asked the Diddler, who had his fingers on the spring.

"Because it isn't honorable to examine other people's property too closely," returned young Pickwick. "So give it back."

"Well, don't be in a hurry," said the Diddler, who was in a state of great excitement. "I believe that I am perfectly justified in acting as I am doing."

And he opened the locket.

It contained the portrait of a very beautiful woman.

"This is strange—very," muttered the Diddler, more to himself than young Pickwick.

His face was perfectly colorless.

"Are you ill, old man?" asked his friend.

"No, I—only startled, dear boy."

"At what?"

"Oh, nothing!" said the Diddler, looking down at the portrait.

"Perhaps you will give me back that portrait when you have done looking at it," said young Pickwick.

"Which one will you have?" asked the Diddler, drawing out a small locket which hung round his neck, suspended by a narrow chain. "Look, Picky, dear boy."

It was exactly similar to the one he held in his hand.

The same fair face smiled up at Pickwick when he opened it.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried young Pickwick. "Why, yours is just like the one I found."

"Singular thing—very," said the Diddler; "can't make it out."

"Perhaps Tom Ely is some relation of yours," suggested young Pickwick.

The Diddler made a wry face.

"I hope not—don't like him," he said, decidedly.

"I know you don't," returned young Pickwick; "but you must try to overcome that feeling."

"I'll try—but it isn't easy—'pon honor."

"Can't you remember anything about your early childhood?" said young Pickwick; "before you came here, I mean."

"I think I can now," said the Diddler, pressing his hand over his eyes; "large house—long garden—sparkling water—fair woman—tender kisses—happy life—like a dream—soon over."

"And how came your mother to desert you?" asked young Pickwick; "for I suppose that fair woman was your mother?"

"I don't know," returned the Diddler; "but remember how I came here—strange, very, but true."

"And how came you by that locket?"

"Mrs. Hardtopp says that the person who brought me here asked Waddle to leave it on my neck," said the Diddler. "He had money in advance, plenty; but it is all gone now, he tells me, but I'll keep this locket."

"What are you going to do with my locket?" cried an angry voice, and the article in question was quickly snatched out of the Diddler's hand.

He had been holding it in his open palm.

Turning round the two boys confronted Tom Ely.

"I saw you drop that in the schoolrom," said young Pickwick, "and tried to draw your attention, but you wouldn't listen to me."

"A likely story," cried Tom Ely. "You don't expect me to believe it, do you?"

"You must please yourself about that," said young Pickwick; "I am speaking the truth."

"Gammon!" exclaimed Tom Ely.

"I wish you were not in such a disagreeable humor, said young Pickwick; because the Diddler and I have something to tell you."

"Look at this!" said the Diddler, drawing out his locket.

"Where did you get that from?" cried Tom Ely. "Why, it is just like mine."

"It belongs to me—no mistake. Strange, very, that we should have lockets alike."

Tom Ely looked puzzled.

"What do you think of it?" said young Pickwick. "It is my belief that the Diddler and you are related."

"Absurd!" exclaimed Tom Eli, looking at Diddler with no little contempt. "I am rich, shall come into a fine property when I am of age. What have I in common with this pauper?"

The Diddler doubled his fist and took a step forward, as if he would have struck Eli.

"Don't take any notice of him," said young Pickwick. "Tom Eli, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I'm not in the least," said Tom Eli, carelessly.

"You ought to be," said young Pickwick, with great indignation. "Come on! I'll fight you for Diddler's sake; come on!"

"Oh, I don't want to fight," said Tom, drawing in his horns.

"Don't you?" said the Diddler; "but you shall fight me; you called me a pauper."

"I won't fight," cried Tom.

"Then you are a coward!" cried the Diddler; "and I'll give you one on the nose in memory of Ben Leadbitter."

And he struck out from the shoulder.

"This is an unprovoked assault," cried Tom Eli. "I'll not stand it."

"Take your nose to the doctor," cried the Diddler, dancing round his foe, and giving him a playful tap on the stomach, "and that's something for yourself."

"I shall certainly complain to Doctor Waddle," said Tom Eli, marching off with more haste than dignity.

"Halloa!" cried Bully Mungal, coming toward him; "what's the matter?"

Mossy Morton had succeeded in establishing a hollow truce between his two accomplices.

"Matter enough," said Tom Eli, and he gave Bully Mungal a full account of what had happened.

"It is certainly strange the Diddler should have a locket so closely resembling yours," mused Bully Mungal; "and it might be rather awkward under certain circumstances."

"I would give any money if it could be taken out of the Diddler's possession," said Tom Eli.

"A great many things can be done for money," answered Bully Mungal, eagerly.

"We will talk about this another time," said Tom Eli.

"Where are you off to now?" asked Bully Mungal.

"I am going to complain to the doctor about the Diddler," returned Tom.

"Don't do it," said Bully Mungal; "we had better bide our time. You wish to get the locket and have your revenge? Well, I'll help you."

And linking his arm in Tom's he led him away.

"You think you can do this little thing for me?" asked Tom.

"Of course I can, if you make it worth my while," said Bully Mungal.

"Oh, I'll make it worth your while," returned Tom Ely.

Bully Mungal smiled.

"But I never pay in advance," continued Tom; "it isn't my way of doing business."

"Then your business must wait. I can do without you better than you can without me," said Bully Mungal, angrily leaving him, and going toward the house.

CHAPTER XXV.

BULLY MUNGAL BECOMES DISHONEST.

BULLY MUNGAL went up to the dormitory.

It would strike six in a quarter of an hour, and Waspy Will was expecting him.

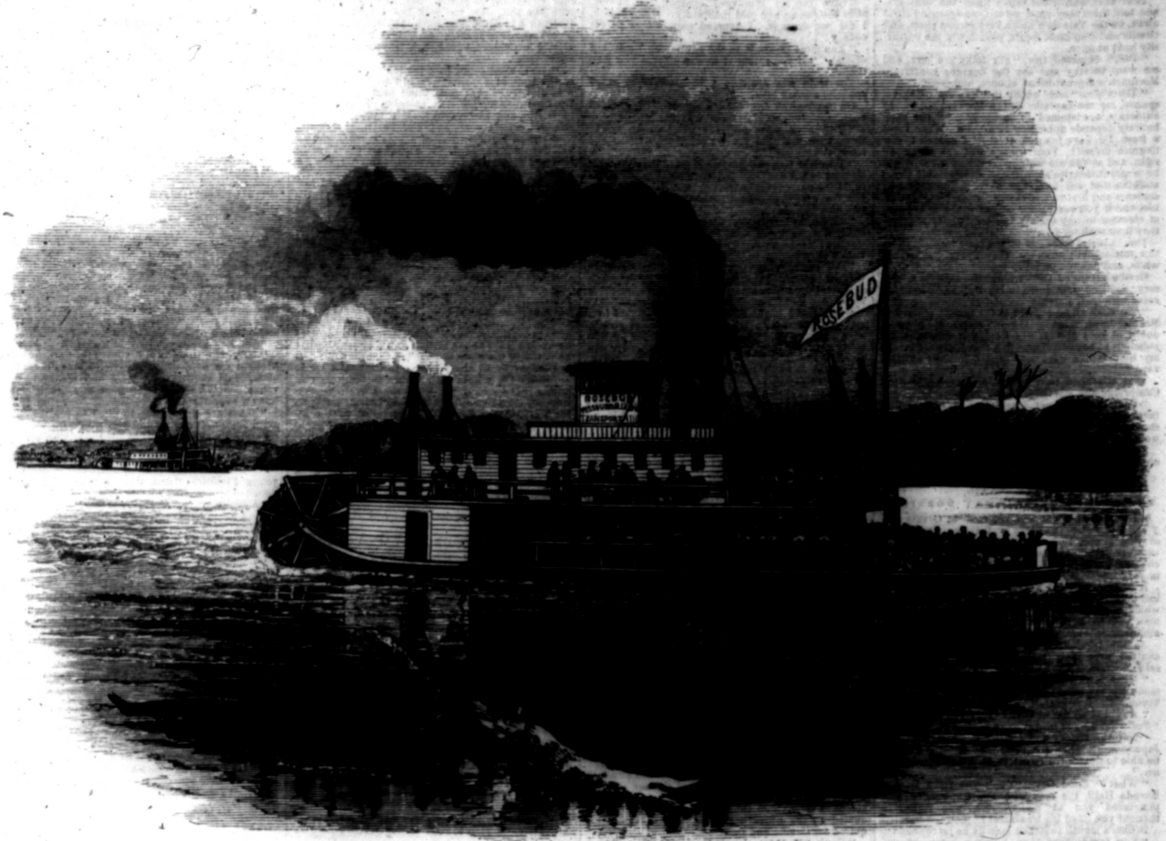
And he had not yet raised a farthing.

"What am I to do?" he thought. "I shall be ruined if he exposes me to the doctor."

Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him.

He went to a chest and took out the Diddler's money-box.

"Enough tin here to satisfy Waspy," thought Mungal, as he rattled it. "The Diddler is a stingy beast. I don't see why he should hoard money like this. It isn't right. I'll have some of it."



THE NEW CAMPAIGN AGAINST SITTING BULL.—THE STEAMER "ROSEBUD" TRANSPORTING GENERAL MILES'S TROOPS FROM THE SOUTH TO THE NORTH BANK OF THE MISSOURI.—SEE PAGE 59.

He walked to the end of the long dormitory, and looked guiltily down the corridor.

But all was still.

"Now is my time," cried Bully Mungal, quickly re-entering the room.

The Diddler's box was soon empty.

"I'll put back a few coppers," muttered Bully Mungal, with an unpleasant smile. "The Diddler may like to hear his money rattle, and I am sure I would not deprive him of that pleasure."

At that moment the clock struck the hour of six, and hastily replacing the Diddler's money-box, Mungal hurried away to keep his appointment with Waspy Will.

"Halloa!" cried that gentleman, who was still reclining on the grass; "so here you are? I was just coming after yer."

"You wouldn't find that game pay, old man."

"I should get you into a jolly old scrape, at all events, my joker."

"I don't know much about that. The doctor might kick you out of the house before you had time to open your mouth."

"You have brought the money, I see."

"What makes you think so?"

"Your cheek."

"You are right, for once in your life," said Bully Mungal; "I've brought it."

"You lost more than this to me at billiards, the other night," growled Waspy Will, as he pocketed the money.

"We know all about that," returned Bully Mungal; "I don't think I shall try my hand at billiards again, I'm always so unlucky."

"Oh, you are a-going to turn agin an old friend, are you?" said Waspy Will. "Say another word and I chucks the tin in a ditch, and walks my chalks up to the house."

"Don't be rash," said Bully Mungal. "You've got more than you deserve."

"Oh, in course. That's always the way with yer. First yer riles me up, and then yer tries to smooth me down. I'm sick of yer, that I am."

Bully Mungal felt inclined to say the feeling was mutual.

"Here's that there young swell that cut up so rough the other night a-coming across the fields," exclaimed Waspy Will, suddenly.

Much to Mungal's surprise he saw that Fitzsham and young Pickwick had just swung themselves over a stile.

They were rapidly approaching.

"Do you want to see him?" said Mungal. "Go away quickly or they'll see you, man."

"I'm not going to run off like a fox with the hounds at his heels, because of that high-nosed young shaver," said Waspy Will.

"You know best, of course," observed Bully Mungal. "Here they are. I am sorry for it."

"How do you do?" said the Wasp, touching his hat to Fitzsham.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," said Fitzsham, with no little contempt, as he looked the Waspup and down.

"You don't remember me, sir," said Waspy Will, as if surprised at Fitzsham's coolness. "You must recollect the pleasant little game we had together the other night."

"Oh, now I recall your face, I recognise——"

"I thought you would," said Waspy Will.

"Pardon me," continued Fitzsham; "I recognize, I was about to say, the man who swindled me out of three sovereigns the first day I came to school."

"Now, none of your jokes," cried Waspy Will; "'cause if yer gives me much of them highfalutin' ways, you'll find yerself on yer back afore you can say taters. Do you want me for a friend or an enemy?"

"I'll have nothing whatever to do with you," returned Fitzsham.

"Come, let's get out of this, Fitz; I've had enough of this fellow," cried young Pickwick.

"You are a nice young buck, you are," said Waspy Will, turning upon the last speaker. "Look out, my tulip; when I'm in a temper I doesn't mind who I stings, or where."

The Wasp was flourishing a knobby stick in dangerous proximity to young Pickwick's head as he spoke.

That youth suddenly snatched it out of his hand and ran toward the stile.

With an oath Waspy Will started in pursuit.

"Pickwick had better mind what he is up to," observed Bully Mungal. "Waspy Will isn't a very pleasant customer when he is roused."

"How you could get mixed up with such a fellow is more than I can understand," said Fitzsham, coldly.

"That's my business," returned Bully Mungal.

The two boys looked after their schoolfellow, who was far in advance of Waspy Will.

"Go it, Pickwick; don't be afraid of him," shouted Fitzsham.

Our jolly young friend looked back to wave his hand to his chum, when his foot caught in the long grass, and he measured his length upon the ground.

He jumped up quickly, and stood at bay before Waspy Will, saying:

"Keep off, or it will be worse for you!"

At this moment Doctor Waddle, who was taking a constitutional in company with Miffins and Parrot, looked over the hedge.

"What are you doing?" cried the doctor, angrily. "Fighting?"

Young Pickwick returned no answer.

"I'll tell yer what he has been doing of," cried Miffins; "he has been a-tormenting that there man yonder, and don't want to take his licking quietly. I knows boys, I does."

"The best thing you can do is to hook it," cried Bully Mungal, rushing up to Waspy Will. "You've got what I promised you."

"I don't move until that there boy gives me back my stick," said Waspy Will.

"Give him his stick and let him cut it," cried Fitzsham to Pickwick.

He had no desire that the little transaction between himself and Waspy Will should reach the ear of his lady mother.

He was ashamed of having allowed himself to be decoyed into a low public-house.

"I shan't give it up. If he comes another step he shall have it about his head," cried young Pickwick. "I mean to keep this stick as a war trophy."

"You had better make yourself scarce, Waspy," said Bully Mungal, "unless you mean to have an interview with the doctor. He is swooping down upon us like a hawk."

The Wasp looked round and perceived Doctor Waddle, who had gone round, and was climbing over a gate.

Miffins and Parrot were not far behind.

"I'm off," cried the Wasp, turning to young Pickwick; "but the next time I meet you, I'll mark you, my lad, so look out. I'm called the Wasp, and I'll sting you to death some day."

"Stop!" cried the doctor.

But Waspy Will kept on his way, and was soon lost to sight.

"Who is that man?" said the doctor. "What is he, and where does he come from?"

"Too many questions at once," returned young Pickwick, glancing at Fitzsham, who looked anxious and ill at ease.

"Answer me, sir!" cried the doctor, stamping his foot.

"Why don't you boys speak out? You boys are all alike—all bad uns," said Miffins.

"I'll eat my wig if that boy isn't as obstinate as a mule," said Mr. Parrot. "Doctor, you should punish him."

"This is coming it a little too strong," cried young Pickwick. "Can't a fellow be seen speaking to a man without all this row being made?"

"What's the meaning of all this?" interrupted Miffins. "Boys are born to torment us."

"Look here, Mr. Miffins," cried young Pickwick; "don't call me names again."

"He shall call you just what he pleases," said the doctor. "How dare you presume to address my rich friend in such a manner?"

"I am sorry to hear you claim friendship with such an old idiot, sir," said young Pickwick, respectfully.

"He wants a thwacking, that's what he wants," observed Miffins. "Let me give him one."

"No, I'll give him one," said the doctor, clutching young Pickwick by the arm.

"I won't move a step if you try to drag me along," said young Pickwick. "Let me walk quietly up to the house."

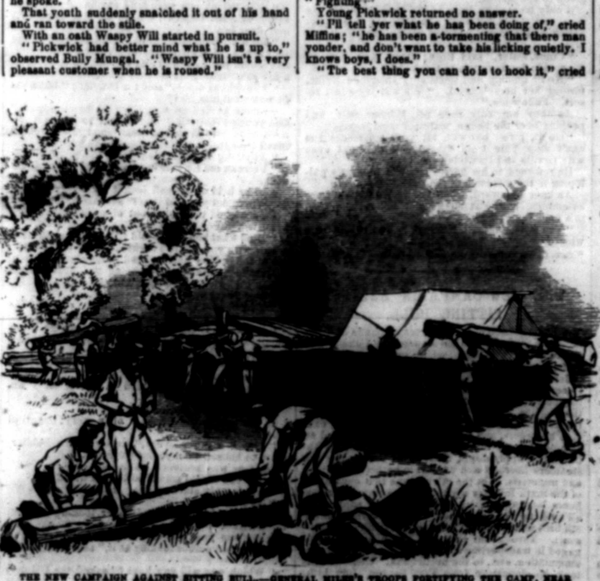
"Would you resist your preceptor?" cried the doctor, giving him a shake.

"Yes," said young Pickwick, stoutly; "and I don't move an inch."

He sat down on the grass.

"Get up," cried the doctor, tugging at his coatcollar.

"No, thank you. You can carry me if you



THE NEW CAMPAIGN AGAINST SITTING BULL.—GENERAL MILES'S TROOPS FORTIFYING THE CAMP, NEAR OLD FORT PECK.—SEE PAGE 59.

feel disposed," said the young Pickwick. "I sha'n't move."

"We shall have to hoist him up between us," said Miffins, coming to the doctor's assistance. "Now, then, up you go."

Young Pickwick was lifted to his feet and dragged along by the enraged doctor and Miffins.

Mr. Parrot having picked up the Wasp's stick, which young Pickwick had dropped, gave that youth several prods with it to help him on his way.

"I can't stand this," cried Fitzsham.

He forgot the noble blood of the Fitzshams; he forgot his lady mother, and remembering only that Pickwick was in trouble, flew to his assistance.

He clung to Parrot's tail and tried to drag him away from Pickwick, crying out:

"Let Pickwick go. What has he done? Let him go, I say."

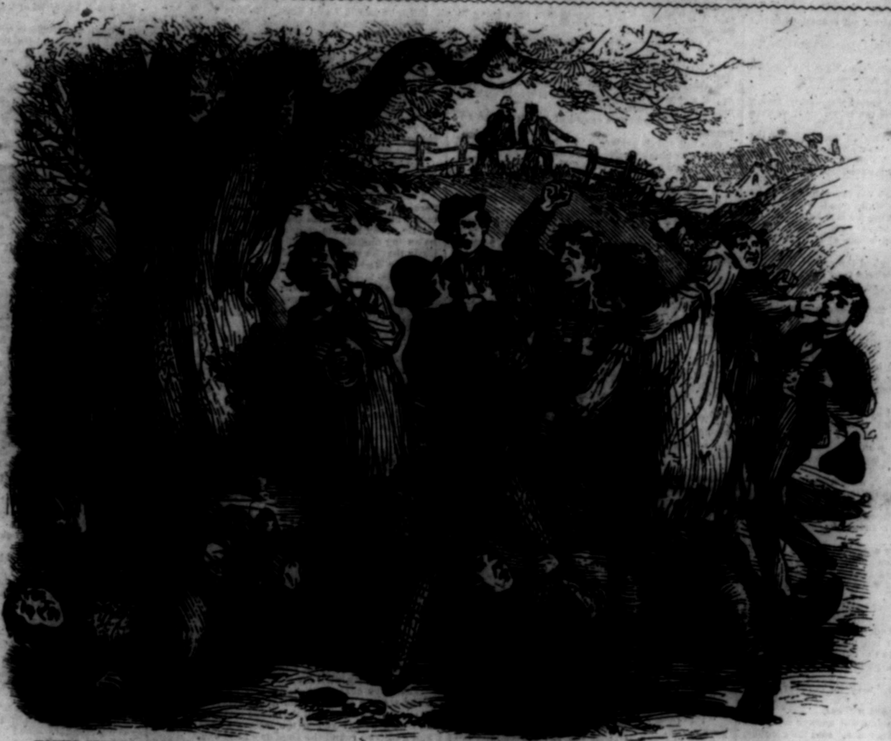
"What are you doing to my coat, boy?" cried Mr. Parrot. "I'll eat my wig if the tails won't come off, if you tug like that. You young rascal, let go!"

"I can't have Pickwick poked up like a monkey at the Zoo," said Fitzsham. "So here goes for your coat-tails."

The coat gave way, and Fitzsham fell to the ground.

"Halloa!" cried the Diddler, suddenly appearing on the scene. "Anything up? What, old Parrot, with a boy's jacket? Where's his coat-tails. Ha, ha!"

"Have you come to question my authority, Diddler?" cried the doctor, and leaving Pickwick in the hands of Miffins, he rushed at the Diddler.


YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"THE DIDDLER ACCEPTED THE INVITATION, AND RUSHED AT THE TALL YOUTH WITH SUCH IMPETUOSITY THAT HE WAS UNABLE TO DEFEND HIMSELF."—SEE PAGE 59.

Bully Mungal, who was standing near, grinned with the greatest satisfaction.

"I didn't come here to question your authority, sir," returned the Diddler. "I've lost money—stolen from my box—disgraceful action, very—mean to find thief—sure to do it—trust to the Diddler."

"Money stolen from you! Stuff and nonsense!" said the doctor."

"All I know is that it is gone," returned the Diddler. "Somebody having a treat with my cash—perhaps at this very moment—wish I had got hold of them—punch their head—and so on."

"I don't believe you ever had any," cried the doctor. "Where did you get it from?"

"I give him some the other day," observed Miffins. "A matter of five pounds, as he got out of me on false pretenses."

"Nice old boy—never tells the truth," cried the Diddler. "Remember your kid gloves, patent leather boots, light trowsers, shiny hat, and so on—think of them—and thank the brave Diddler, old man."

"Am I to be insulted by this young villain?" cried Miffins, rushing at the Diddler.

The eccentric youth was at that moment in a very uncomfortable position, with his head between Waddle's knees.

The doctor was striking him on the back with a bamboo cane, which he always carried.

Here was a favorable opportunity for Parrot to vent his spite on the Diddler.

"Let me have a go at him; hold him tight," he said, giving him an open-handed blow.

"There, how do you like it? That's a hot un for you, my boy."

This liberty was more than the Diddler could stand.

"Two on to one—not fair play—'pon honor—old man, you gave me a stinger, and no mistake," he said; "but take that for luck."

And lifting up his left leg, he caught Miffins a blow in the centre of his white waistcoat.

"Oh, oh!" yelled Miffins; "he has given me one in the bread-basket. Oh, my poor dinner's upset."

In the act of kicking Miffins, the Diddler suddenly jerked up his head and sent Doctor Waddle into a blackberry-bush.

"Murder! Oh, you wretch!" cried the doctor, as he scrambled out of the hedge, with a large lump of clay sticking to his nose."

"Let's make ourselves scarce," cried young Pickwick. "Off we go, boys."

And he ran off as quick as his legs would carry him.

His example was followed by Fitzsham, the Diddler, and Bully Mungal, who was afraid the doctor might turn upon him in his blind anger.

"Not much use running away," said the Diddler. "We shall catch it hot—no mistake—wait till the doctor gets hold of us."

"I'd rather wait till I get it than have it now," returned young Pickwick. "Perhaps the doctor will cool down a little before we see him again."

Bully Mungal, on nearing the house, sulkily dropped behind his schoolfellows.

Arrived at the playground, Mungal seated himself on a bench, and leaning against the side of the house, fell into a reverie.

"How I wish I had kept something for myself," he muttered. "I was a fool not to slip half a sovereign in my pocket."

At this moment a sallow face was protruded from an upper window.

It was the face of Tom Ely, and he looked down on the unconscious Mungal with a glance which plainly expressed the dislike he secretly entertained for him.

He held a wet sponge in his hand, which he gently squeezed.

Bully Mungal started, as a shower of cold water trickled down his back.

He looked up quickly, but Tom Ely had retired from the window.

"Drippings from the water-spout, I suppose," thought the moody Mungal, shifting himself to the other end of the bench.

Tom Ely appeared at another window, directly over Mungal's head.

Tom Ely bore in his hand the Diddler's money-box.

This he dropped plump upon Bully Mungal's hat, completely bonneting him.

"Did you do that, you hound?" cried Bully Mungal, as his head appeared out at the top of the broken hat.

"Yes," said Tom Ely, who had not left the window; "I did it, and I'd do it again as soon as look at you."

"I'll cram this down your throat," cried the enraged Mungal, taking up the Diddler's money-box.

"Come and do it," cried Tom, defiantly; "I think you will change your mind."

This was too much for Bully Mungal.

He entered the house and rushed up the stairs.

"Be calm, old man," cried Tom, backing toward the wall, as Bully Mungal came flying into the room.

Without a word Mungal got him by the throat and shook him.

Tom Ely tried to resist.

But he was like a reed in the enraged Mungal's grasp.

"Let me go, you'll choke me!" he cried.

"How dare you pour water down my back?" cried the angry and excited Mungal.

"It was merely a little pleasantry," said Tom Ely. "Let me go, or it will be the worse for you."

"Why did you fling that box at my head?" shouted Bully Mungal, giving him another shake.

"I thought as you had taken all the Diddler's money, the box would be more useful to you than to him," said Tom Ely, slowly.

Mungal's hold on Tom relaxed.

"What do you mean?" he said, in an altered voice.

"What I say," returned Tom Ely.

"Then you saw——" began Bully Mungal.

"I saw everything," said Tom Ely, finishing the sentence; "and you may as well understand at once, Bully Mungal, that I have you completely in my power."

There was silence for some minutes, each boy being very careful not to say anything that the other might take advantage of.

"You'll tell the doctor, I suppose?" said Mungal, sitting down on the side of his bed, after a while.

"I may and I may not," returned Tom Ely. "It depends on circumstances."

"Do you remember what you said about the Diddler's locket?" said Bully Mungal, abruptly.

Tom Ely nodded.

"Well, if I managed that little affair for you I suppose it would be an inducement to make you hold your tongue?"

"It might."

"That answer won't do. I want a plain yes or no."

"Yes," responded Tom Ely, half reluctantly, feeling that, after all, Mungal was not so much in his power as he had thought.

"Then that settles it," said Bully Mungal, getting up and stretching himself. "I hear the supper-bell. Let's go down-stairs; but keep my secret, or it will go hard with you."

And the two promising youths walked out of the dormitory amicably enough, to all appearance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE INQUEST.

DOCTOR WADDLE did not punish young Pickwick, the Diddler and Fitzsham.

When he came down to breakfast he informed Tom Ely, young Pickwick, and Dick Sancliff that they were summoned to attend the inquest on the body of poor little Leadbitter, which was to take place that day.

The doctor knew that Tom Ely was no favorite with Dick Sancliff and young Pickwick, and accordingly announced his intention to the first of letting him ride with him.

"I call it a jolly shame," said young Pickwick to Dick. "Why should we walk this hot day while that lazy beggar goes comfortably off in a trap?"

"Never mind, Picky," returned Dick; "I'd sooner walk, than ride with Tom Ely, and we must start at once."

"I'm ready," said young Pickwick, and the boys started.

At the gate they met Daniel Welldone.

A smile flitted across the youth's haggard face as he saluted the two boys.

Young Pickwick and Dick were the only human beings who had ever done him a kindness, so far as he could remember, and Daniel Welldone was grateful.

"Why, what has brought you here?" cried young Pickwick.

"My legs brought me," returned Daniel Welldone. "Not being able to afford a horse, I always walks, excepting when I gets a lift in a cart."

"Do you want me for anything?" asked young Pickwick.

"I've brought this," said Daniel Welldone, handing a letter to Pickwick.

"Who is it from?" inquired our hero.

"I knows no more than yourself," answered Daniel Welldone; "it is a mysterious affair altogether."

"How did it come into your possession?" asked young Pickwick.

"I found it stuck on a ledge in the place where I hangs out," replied Welldone; "and as it was addressed to you, I thought I might as well bring it."

Young Pickwick tore open the letter.

It ran thus:

"Take care that you accuse no innocent person of murder, lest harm befall you. Heed this warning, and show it to your friend Sancliff, but let no other eyes light upon it."

"(Signed) BEWARE."

"What can it mean?" said young Pickwick.

"It means," replied Dick, "that Tom Ely is afraid of being accused, and has got somebody to write this, in order to prevent

FATAL BOAT ACCIDENT AT PATERSON FALLS, N. J.—A YOUNG LADY DROWNED.—SEE PAGE 58.

us from saying any thing about our suspicions to the coroner."

"It won't frighten me," said young Pickwick. "I shall tell the truth."

At this moment the doctor and Tom Ely dashed by in a chaise, drawn by a very lean horse.

Joey Snorter was on the back seat.

"You will be too late!" yelled the doctor, giving Daniel Welldone a cut with the whip. "How dare you stand talking to that low boy?"

Before Dick or young Pickwick could answer the doctor, he and his yellow chaise, with the light-blue wheels, had disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"He is a nice old party," exclaimed Daniel Welldone, rubbing his back.

"The doctor hasn't been the same man since he took up with Miffins. Well, good-by, Daniel," cried young Pickwick, giving his last half-crown.

"Good-by, and God bless you, Master Pickwick," returned Welldone, whose eyes were moist and dim.

When the two boys reached the end of the road, Daniel was still standing where they had left him.

They waved their hats, and then walked along at a quick pace.

When they arrived at the tavern where the inquest was to be held, they found a crowd of countrymen outside the door.

An inquest in this quiet little village was a rarity, but one in which a foul murder was suspected had scarcely ever taken place before.

The stuffy little parlor was crowded, and Dick and Pickwick were piloted to their places by the beadle.

Tom Ely was examined by the coroner.

"I am the ward of Benny Leadbitter's father," he said. "Benny Leadbitter and I were brought to Doctor Waddle's school by him."

"You mean the dead boy's father?" said the coroner.

"Yes, sir," said Tom Ely, without flinching.

"And where is Mr. Leadbitter now?" asked the coroner, nibbling at the end of his pen.

"That question has already been put to Doctor Waddle, and he couldn't answer it," observed a juryman.

"Had the deceased any enemies?" asked the coroner, with an angry glance at the juryman.

"I don't think so," said Tom Ely; "but the last person who saw him alive was a schoolfellow named Dick Sancliff."

"How do you know that?" said the coroner, looking very knowing.

"Dick Sancliff told me so," answered Tom.

"I don't want you to tell me what Tom, Dick and Harry told you," said the coroner.

"Don't browbeat the poor lad," cried a juryman.

"You can stand down," said the coroner, ignoring the juryman.

Dick Sancliff was the next witness.

"Now, my lad, I hope you will answer my questions in a straightforward manner," said the coroner, when Dick had been sworn.

"I will do my best, sir," returned Dick.

"You discovered the body of the decased?" queried the coroner.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you find it?"

"We found the body of poor Benny in the wood," said Dick.

"Whereabouts?"

"Close to the church."

"And you were the last of his schoolfellows who ever saw him alive?"

"Tom Ely came in when we were all having supper," said Dick. "I believe Tom Ely saw him after I did."

"I don't care what you believe," said the coroner. "You are a fool. Stand down."

"There's a bigger fool than that youngster in the room," said a juryman, in an undertone.

"Any remark you would like to make, sir?" cried the coroner.

"No," said the man, coloring.

The coroner refused to examine young Pickwick.

"He had heard enough," he said, and the jury agreed with him.

He then made the jury a speech, and requested them to return a verdict in accordance with the facts.

After a deliberation of twenty minutes the foreman rose to his feet.

"Are you all agreed on your verdict?" asked the coroner.

"Yes," replied the foreman.

"What is your verdict?"

"*We find a verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown. We would further suggest that a reward should be offered for the apprehension of the murderer or murderers.*"

"I can't breathe in this room," said young Pickwick. "Let's get out of it."

The two boys would have hurried away, but a look from Doctor Waddle detained them.

"Can I trust you to walk home quietly with Tom Ely?" he said.

"No, you can't," returned young Pickwick. "I should punch his head."

"Then I must take him home with me," said the doctor.

"Just so," said young Pickwick, hooking his arm in Dick Sancliff's.

The two friends had walked about half a mile when Dick suddenly stopped.

"Pickwick!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," returned his friend.

"I have made up my mind to find out who murdered poor Benny Leadbitter," said Dick. "Will you assist me?"

"I will do all in my power," said young Pickwick; "but we are only boys, you know."

"Don't dishearten me at the outset, Picky," said Dick.

"I won't," cried young Pickwick, giving his friend a hearty shake of the hand. "We'll always stick together, Dick, and I doubt not in the end we shall discover who killed poor little Ben."

And the two boys walked on, discussing the future, and speaking tenderly of their dead schoolfellow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A FREE FIGHT.

THE Diddler and Bob Fairfit did not feel in the mood for playground sports, and the eccentric youth proposed that they should meet Dick and young Pickwick.

"I'm your man," said Bob.

And so they started.

"They won't be back yet," said the Diddler; "too soon—it isn't over—hot, very," and he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

There was a pond by the side of the road, with a willow-tree hanging over it.

"Let's sit down here and wait until they come," said Bob Fairfit. "It's a better idea than going to meet them."

"You are right—not a bad notion—pleasant spot—cool and comfortable—'pon honor," said the Diddler, flinging himself down at the foot of the tree.

Scarcely had they thrown themselves on the grass, when they heard shouts of laughter and the heavy tramp of feet.

In another moment a crowd of country louts appeared.

One tall yokel, evidently the leader of the party, had a little black terrier under his arm.

"Here we be," he cried. "Now we'll have some fun with this yer tyke."

"We will, rather," responded another youth.

"Let's tie a rope round his neck," suggested the tall lout before mentioned.

"Are they going to drown that poor dog?" said Bob Fairfit.

"Not while I'm here—the Diddler won't stand cruelty—never could."

"I knows a better game than that," said another lout. "We'll chuck un in the water, and then fling stones at un."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, my boys—I'm here to see fair play," said the Diddler, stepping up to the tall fellow.

"What are you a-going to do?" said the yokel, with a voice expressive of the greatest contempt. "Does yer want to have a feight?"

"No, thankee—don't feel inclined—too hot for that sort of thing—oblige you another time," said the Diddler, seeing the overpowering number of the foe.

"Well, what be yer a-jawing about if yer ain't a-going to do nothink?" said the fellow.

"I am going to give you two bob," said the Diddler; "money down and no mistake."

"We would be danged glad to see two bob," said the tall lout; "but you ain't a-going to give it to us for nothing, master?" Here he gave a cunning leer.

"No," said the Diddler; "but you shall have it on one condition—'pon honor."

"What is it?"

"Simply that you spare that dog's life—poor fellow—frightened—very."

"You can have the dog; hand over," replied the yokel.

"Lend me two shillings, Fairfit," said the Diddler; "empty pockets—awkward—rather."

"With pleasure," said Bob, giving him the coin.

The Diddler handed it to the fellow, who received it with the greatest satisfaction.

"Now give me that dog," cried the Diddler.

"Not if I knows it," said the yokel; "we mean to have our fun out of the tyke, and you can have un when we have done with un."

"You have broken faith," cried the Diddler; "dishonorable—very."

"I'll break your head if you gives I too much of your cheek."

"I don't care," cried the excited Diddler; "I mean to have that dog."

"Come and fetch un."

The Diddler accepted the invitation, and rushed at the tall youth with such impetuosity that he was unable to defend himself.

He sent him sprawling on his back.

"Let us pitch into Daddy Longlegs," cried another.

And he aimed a blow at the Diddler's head.

The Diddler dodged it.

"Ah, you cowards!" he cried; "seven to two," for by this time Bob Fairfit had joined in the *mêlée*.

The youth renewed his attack upon the Diddler.

But that eccentric youth was one too many for him.

He again dodged aside, and the lout gave one of his friends a terrific smack across the mouth, knocking him on top of the tall youth, who was in the act of rising to his feet.

After this the Diddler seemed to be everywhere at once.

He butted one in the stomach, while with the speed of lightning he knocked another in the pond, which he knew to be shallow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Fairfit.

But his mirth received a sudden check when one of the louts presented him with a beautiful black eye.

The Diddler flew to the aid of his chum.

But he unfortunately went too near the tall youth, who grasped him by the legs and dragged him down on the grass.

But help was at hand.

Young Pickwick and Dick Sancliff appeared upon the scene.

They flew to the assistance of their friends on beholding the state of affairs.

The country fellows, thinking that the whole school was upon them, fled in wild confusion.

They left the Diddler in triumphant possession of the little dog, which had taken refuge under a hedge while the fight was going on.

"Lucky you came—very," said the Diddler, as he rose to his feet, panting for want of breath.

"Yes," replied Pickwick; "but I see we were not in time to prevent Bob Fairfit from getting a fine black eye."

"Won't the doctor give it to him when he sees it!" cried Dick. "He is always down on black eyes."

"Never mind that," said Bob; "I'd have another at the same price. The louts didn't escape scot-free."

"No," said the Diddler; "but I think we had better leave this place—dangerous quarters—very."

"What do you mean?" asked young Pickwick.

"Those fellows spiteful—no mistake. Come back—reinforced."

As if to corroborate the Diddler's words, twenty louts burst through the hedge, armed with thick sticks.

"Let's take to our heels," cried the Diddler. "Too many—no use trying to fight."

And away the boys scampered.

They were fleet of foot, and the louts, with their heavy boots on, were soon outdistanced.

"Halloa!" cried Tinkle, starting up from the long grass as they rushed across a field; "whither away so fast, my merry boys? I've been looking for you everywhere."

"Oh, have you?" said Dick. "Yours is a novel way of looking for people, isn't it?"

"What are you driving at?" said Tinkle, rather angrily.

"I mean that when we fell over you, my lad, you were very quietly reposing upon the grass."

"I was going to propose some fun," said Tinkle, with offended dignity; "I shan't do it now."

"Come, Tinkle," said young Pickwick, "you are not the chap to bear malice. What's the lark?"

"Before I answer that question, I must know whether the doctor has passed," returned Tinkle.

"No, he hasn't," said Young Pickwick.

"Then the fates are propitious," cried Tinkle. "I hope you are in the humor to let the doctor and Tom Ely have it hot; I know I am."

And with these words he produced some mysterious packages and handed one to each of his chums.

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob Fairfit, climbing up a huge oak, whose heavy branches overhung the road.

The others followed suit, and all were soon comfortably seated, the mysterious packages being handled with great care.

The little dog, which had kept close to the Diddler hitherto, coiled itself up at the foot of the tree and went to sleep.

The boys had scarcely settled themselves on their perches when the doctor's yellow chaise with the blue wheels appeared in the distance.

"Be ready for him, my jolly boys," said Tinkle, balancing himself on his particular branch so carelessly that he nearly tumbled into the road.

Doctor Waddle was now close to the tree.

He was talking to Tom Ely, and allowed the horse to creep along at a snail's pace.

"Do you see that mound over there, with the ditch around it?" said the doctor, pointing in the direction of the field.

"Yes, *sir*," replied Tom Ely, trying to master a yawn.

"That was once a Roman camp," said the doctor, anxious to air his learning. "It is sad to think how nations fall."

"Something else will fall directly," whispered Tinkle to his companions.

He waited until the yellow chaise was directly under the tree, and then deliberately dropped a rotten egg on the doctor's nose.

The other boys went to work with a will, and the horse, enjoying the shade of the tree, refused to stir, and began munching the grass which grew by the wayside.

Young Pickwick and his chums made the most of their opportunity.

They showered flour down upon the doctor, Tom Ely and Joey Snorter, and then pelted them with rotten eggs, regardless of their angry words and gestures.

"Climb up that tree and bring the miscreants down, whoever they are!" cried the doctor to his dismal page.

"I wouldn't do it for a pension," cried Joey Snorter, bursting into tears.

"Oh, the ingratitude of servants and boys!" cried the doctor, looking up at the sky and receiving a rotten egg in his mouth.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Fairfit.

"Oh, it is you, is it, Fairfit?" cried the angry doctor. "Very well, my dear young friend."

The boys ceased throwing and looked at each other gravely as the doctor drove away.

The boys waited until the chaise was out of sight, and then hastily swung themselves to the ground and gathered round the Diddler's little dog.

"What's to be done with him?" said young Pickwick.

"Awkward question—very," said the Diddler; "couldn't put him under my bed—I suppose?"

Pickwick shook his head.

"Couldn't be managed anyhow," he said. "Tom Ely and Bully Mungal wouldn't stand it."

"It would certainly be open to objections," said Dick. "We must try to think of something else."

"I've got an idea," cried Tinkle. "Tony Wilkins will take care of him, and make him up a bed in the wash-house."

This being settled, the boys quickly made for home, the dog following at their heels.

They managed to smuggle him into the house, and immediately took him down to the wash-house, where they found Tony Wilkins.

"We want you to take care of this dog," said the Diddler; "nice fellow—no malice."

"Where am I to keep him, as the man said ven he vun a helephant in a lottery," said the odd boy.

The Diddler could not conceal his disappointment.

"I thought you might make him up a bed in the wash-house," observed Tinkle.

The odd boy shook his head.

"Wouldn't do at all," he said. "Joey Snorter hates dogs like poison, and would split."

"I can manage it right enough," Tony said, suddenly. "I'll make him up a bed in the outhouse in the playground."

"I shan't forget this, Tony," said the Diddler, lingering behind his friends for a moment; "the Diddler never forgets a kindness."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DIDDLER'S LITTLE DOG.

BULLY MUNGAL had not forgotten how he had been treated by the Diddler on the occasion of Miffins's first visit to the doctor.

The insult offered to his nose was still green in his memory.

"Look here," he said, one morning, entering the outhouse and addressing Tony Wilkins, who was busily engaged in cleaning boots, and had a long row of them before him. "I want to speak to you."

"Fire away, as the man said ven he had taken the bullet out of the gun," said Tony Wilkins.

"I don't want any of your silly jaw," cried Bully Mungal.

"Then what does yer vant in this outhouse?" asked Tony Wilkins.

"I have come to complain about my boots," said Bully Mungal.

"What's the matter with 'em?" asked Tony Wilkins; "I cleans 'em bright enough, don't I?"

"It isn't that," said Bully Mungal, "but I'm always finding something wrong with them when I go to put them on. They are either filled with water or gravel, and things of that kind; I can't stand it."

"That's not nice, as the little girl said when her mother give her a dose of physic," said Tony Wilkins; "but it ain't my fault. The boots is right enough when I puts 'em outside the door."

"Now if you could swear that it was the Diddler who played me these tricks I'd stand something handsome," said Bully Mungal.

"I never swears, as the Quaker said ven the magistrate asked him to take an oath."

"You'll get the worst licking you ever had in your life if you cheek me," cried Bully Mungal.

"You'll do nothink of the kind," retorted Tony Wilkins. "If you so much as lays a finger on me, I'll complain to Dick Sancliff and young Pickwick."

"I'm not afraid of them; I'll give you a drubbing now and make sure of it."

The Mungal was about to carry out his threat, when the Diddler's little dog came out of a tub and barked at him.

"Where did that cur come from?" asked Bully Mungal, pointing to the dog.

"I don't know where he lived before he came here."

"Who does he belong to?"

"It belongs to the Diddler."

"Then he can take that," said Bully Mungal, giving the dog a kick which sent him howling to the tub."

"Oh, yer great brute!" cried Tony Wilkins, "you might a' broke his leg."

"And a jolly good job, too," returned Mungal. "I'd serve you the same if I had my way."

"What's the matter?" said Mossy Morton, opening the door and looking in. "I thought I heard a dog howling."

"So you did," returned Bully Mungal. "The Diddler's got a dirty little cur boxed up here."

"If you take my advice you'll complain to the doctor," said Mossy Morton.

"I prefer to take the law into my own hands," replied Bully Mungal. "I'm going to kick him out of the front gate."

"You had better try it on," said Tony Wilkins, with a grin. "That there dog don't like yer manner."

"I wouldn't touch him if I were you," said Mossy Morton, as Bully Mungal bent down with his hands on his knees and peered into the tub.

"He looks vicious," said Bully Mungal; "but I'll have him out of this, tub and all."

And he gave the tub a kick.

The dog flew out and darted into a corner.

"Halloa!" cried the Diddler, entering the outhouse; "what are you up to?"

"Leave the Diddler's dog alone," said Mossy Morton, with his usual slyness.

"He had better not try to hurt it," cried half a dozen boys, who had been attracted by the noise.

The story of the two lockets had got about, and the Diddler was becoming quite an object of interest to his schoolfellows.

He himself often alluded mysteriously to his expectations of turning out the son of some great person.

Bully Mungal saw that it would be prudent to leave the Diddler's little dog alone—for the present, at all events.

He flung down his stick and angrily left the outhouse.

The boys looked at each other and laughed.

"I wish you were all one boy," said Bully Mungal, looking back over his shoulder, "and then I could punch all your heads at once."

He went straight to the library and tapped at the door.

"Come in," cried the doctor, who was sitting with Miffins and Parrot.

Bully Mungal entered.

"I have a complaint to make, sir," he said.

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Is the Diddler to be allowed to keep a dirty cur?"

"That depends upon whether your description of the animal is correct or not," said the doctor.

Bully Mungal opened his eyes.

"I said the Diddler, sir," he said, raising his voice.

"There is no occasion to scream," said the doctor; "I am not deaf."

Bully Mungal looked uncomfortable.

"I thought you ought to know about the dog, that's all," he said, and began to back out of the room.

"You may tell the Diddler I want him."

"Very well, sir," said Bully Mungal.

He found the Diddler in the outhouse talking to Wilkins.

"Oh," said the Diddler, when he heard that the doctor wanted him, "you have been splitting."

"I have so," said Bully Mungal.

But he did not say how the doctor had received the information.

The Diddler, being informed he was wanted, entered the doctor's presence with some trepidation.

"Ah, how do you do, Diddler?" said the doctor, blandly. "Take a chair."

"I beg pardon," said the Diddler, who could not believe his ears.

"I said take a chair," said the doctor, more blandly still.

The Diddler sat down.

"Will you take a glass of wine?" said the doctor.

And without waiting for an answer, he poured out a glass of sherry and handed it, with a large piece of cake, to the astonished Diddler.

"I hear you have a dog, Diddler," said the doctor.

"It is a very little one—'pon honor."

"Oh, I am not complaining about it," said the doctor; "I like to see boys kind to animals."

"Then I may keep him, sir?" said the Diddler. "This is kind—very."

"Yes, you may keep him, my boy," said the doctor. "Oh, by-the-way, I hope that locket is safe, because it may be of great importance."

"Safe—I should think it was," said the Diddler.

The doctor had evidently heard about the two lockets and the Diddler's expectations.

"I will speak to you another time about this," said the doctor, smilingly dismissing the Diddler.

The eccentric youth left the library with more faith in his great expectations than ever.

(To be continued.)

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. [illegible]

"WHEN I was a boy, alas!" says a writer in an American paper, "these many years bygone, we used to make very choice arrows of what we call the 'sour wood,' which grows very straight and without a knot. We would make a hole in the arrows about five inches from the part fitted to the string, and another about four or five inches higher up, then take a feather and split lengthwise, leaving only the feathers on one half. Insert the end in the lower hole, and then wrap it round the arrow to the upper one, and insert. Here you have a rifled arrow, and they shoot with greater accuracy. Put a little peg to fasten the feathers in." This is a good hint for boys.

THE boy that stood on the burning deck has found his noble counterpart in a British lad who went out with his father's regiment to South Africa. When the Zulus rushed in on the small British detachment of Colonel Wood, and while there was yet an open road in one direction, Colonel Weatherly, an English cavalry officer, clapped his son, a boy of thirteen, who was with him, on horseback, kissed him, and told him to fly for life. The lad jumped from the saddle, striking the horse a lash which sent it galloping off, and said: "Father, I'll die with you." The father handed his revolver to the child, just as the Zulus reached, over British bodies, the spot where they stood. Weatherly slew five Zulus before he fell, but the son was killed at once.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

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ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 666.

1. Caribou, Warbler, Haddock—CheWetH, ArAbiA, ReaRenD, IllBreD, BiLbO, OpodEldoC, UndeRworK. 2. Sheaves, Heaves, Heave, Eave. 3. Den-mark. 4. Stair, Star, Tar, Rat, Art. 5. Camel, Alone, Motto, Enter, Leora. 6. A, And, Aware, Anatomy, Drone, Eme, Y. 7. Assess, Sylvan, Sluice, Evince, Sac-car, Sneers. 8. Cock-roach. 9. Part, Trap. 10. Sound.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 666.

1.—J. H. Manning, Ypsilanti, Mich.

2.—T. Hunter, Savannah, Ga.

3.—James P. Lafferty, 1008 Ward Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—CHARADE.

My first is fuel, then a vowel find,
With odor let them blend to suit your mind;
And whole the result will surely be,
Closely uniting into unity.

2.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; a metal; to instruct; an inflammable substance; a wanderer; a color; a consonant. E. A. D.

3.—SQUARE WORDS.

Splendor; a bird; a language; a kind of seed; doctrine.

4.—ENIGMA.

I'm a versatile word, no doubt,
  My meaning I frequently change;
I'm flattered and frolic about,
  And wide is the sphere where I range.
I fill the whole earth and the sky,
  I'm confined by the walls of a room;
I cannot be seen by the eye,
  Yet I travel in sunshine and gloom
I am fêted, caressed, and extolled,
  I languish, am plaintive, and sad;
I am valued by young and by old,
  I am light, I am gloomy, and glad.

5.—METAGRAM.

Of letters five I am a word
  On the fair sex often seen;
And, no doubt, you've heard of me,
  For a view I still do mean.
Change my head, and lo! you find
  A bloom showing forth instead;
Change again, and I remind
  You of a fabric, color red.
Now once more, and me you see,
  But oh! be careful, pray,
That you step not into me,
  On some dreary, rainy day.

6.—ENIGMA.

In olden day, an instrument
  Of music much in use;
In present day, an article
  That suffers much abuse.
Since Adam was I formed a part
  Of every human frame,
And sometimes folk have severed me,
  To their eternal shame.
I'm long and short, and thick and thin,
  A measure, and, indeed,
Last eve, I saw a gardener
  Use me to hold a weed.

7.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Through the thick woods, over the heath-clad moor,
By spring or river, vale or sandy shore,
In the bright garden, mossy wall or tree,
Traces of me and my sweet spells you'll see.

1. From whence we look for cold or storm,
   A clever statesmen, but foe to reform.

2. A little animal of Paraguay,
   Which chooses on the sugar-cane to prey.

3. A noble river flowing through green woods,
   Oft named the father of the English floods.

4. A quality that marks a man apart,
   Or makes our letters painful to the heart.

5. A noted bridge, a Southern city's pride,
   Where busy crowds may watch the gondola glide.

6. One doomed to feel, or triumph, or dismay,
   Who coins his brain, and oft the stock don't pay.

7. Here the recluse, who from the world has fled,
   May hold communion with the mighty dead.

8.—SQUARE WORDS.

A flower; a jewel; a bag and animals.

9.—MONOPHONE—TWO WORDS PRONOUNCED ALIKE.

FIRST.

With ladies I am known to stray,
And I am vain enough to say
They like nor would wish me away,
For homage to their charms I pay,
I o'er them exercise a sway,
And never will my power decay.

SECOND.

Now, on the other hand, I say
That ladies with me often play;
To bend me well they know the way,
And this should cause you no dismay,
For maidens, too, like to be gay,
And often fond are of display;
And so they, in coquettish way,
Will wear and sport me all the day.

10.—REVERSION.

To separate
  My first will state;
But if you turn it round,
  What means to lure
  Will then, I'm sure,
By all of you be found.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

OUTRAGE.

THE other day a journal, hitherto without a spot on its character, inquired with well-feigned innocence:

"How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man will receive one and still one remain in the dish?"

After several hundred people went two-thirds, distracted in the mazes of this proposition, the journal meanly says:

"One takes the dish with the egg."

"JOHNNIE, what is a noun?" "Name of a person, place or thing." "Very good, Johnnie; give an example." "Hand-organ grinder." "And why is hand-organ grinder a noun?" "Because he's a person plays a thing.

"YOU want a flogging, that's what you want," said a parent to his unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it," said the independent hopeful.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

There was a young fellow of Rome,
  Who staid all the night from his home;
    In the morning his fair
    Just fixed up his hair
  With a broomstick instead of a comb.

A PRIMA DONNA is naturally a timid creature, for her art is always in her throat.

THE tailor's notice, "Fits guaranteed" is an unhealthy sign.

ANOTHER social earthquake in Philadelphia. What earth Quakers those folks are!

THE man who believes he can move the world should begin by Wheeling, Virginia.

A MEMBER of the rhetoric class in a certain college had just finished his declamation when the professor said: "Mr. H——, do you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half scared to death."

THE boy that to his mother says,
  As he the pantry passes,
And sights the tempting syrup-cup,
  "Oh! give me some molasses!"
Advanced to riper years still cries,
  When wean-ed from his classes,
And lounging at some watering-place,
  "Oh! give me Summer lasses!"

"IT'S as warm as an oven in here," said a citizen as he entered a lawyer's office. "So it should be, for it is here I make by bread," said the man of deeds.

THE length of a lady's train should never be under a foot.

WHERE lager is bliss, it is folly to beer Weiss.

"SOCIABLES satisfactorily oystered," is a quaint advertisement.

THE woman who rejects an offer of marriage practices slight of hand.

WHAT is the difference between a plan of a battlefield and a roasted pippin? One is a war map, and the other is a warm apple.

WHEN a young gentleman kisses a young lady she very naturally says, "Oh, Dick, the idea!" And he also naturally replies, "No, love; not the eye, dear; but the cheek, dear." Which is perfectly true.

DON'T throw your cast-off shoes in the alley-ways, or alley-gaiters are dangerous.

AN electrical girl has been discovered in Canada; she ought to marry a good conductor.

"WHAT is your name?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a boy. "My name's Jule," was the reply; whereupon the teacher impressively said: "You should have said Julius, sir. And now, my lad," turning to another boy, "what is your name?" "Billious, sir."

"YOU must not do that, my dear," said a mother to her four-year old daughter; "nice little girls never do so." "Yes, they do, mamma, sometimes; didn't you just see me do it?" was the bright retort.

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STORY OF TWO MODEST YOUNG MEN.

TOM TOOKER and George Root were two very nice young men. Indeed, they were more than nice—they were perfectly gorgeous. Of course, such nice young men could not help being admired by the ladies; and, as a matter of course, these nice young men admired the sensitive representatives of the fair sex in return.

Tom Tooker and his bosom-friend were also great admirers of the briny deep; with dashing valor they would board their frail craft, the *Ellen*, and with their faces turned to windward would brave the terrors of both wind and wave. Gallant sailors they were, and expert fishermen as well.

When they returned from one of their periodical fishing excursions a smiling crowd of admiring fair ones would await them on the sea-girt shore and escort them in triumph to their respective boarding-houses.

Unhappily for these brave mariners, they were both married men, and, naturally, their respective better-halves became terribly jealous of the favor our bold heroes found in the eyes of the petticoated army.

At the period of the opening of our veracious little story the two noble heroes of aquatic fame and their loving families were enjoying the benefits of the sea-breeze at a delightful little resort on Long Island. Our friends were the lions of the place; no party, meeting or excursion was complete without their delightful presence.

One point in the character of the two chums was much remarked upon in feminine circles, and that was the fact that, though they were lavish in polite attentions to every human being wearing a petticoat, they were decidedly opposed to bathing in public. Now, the laughing beauties who were in the habit of sporting with the waves, exposed to the gaze of admiring hundreds, were rather severe in their criticism of the lady-killers' strange aversion to feminine company while in the water.

Always ready to second the slightest desire of a lady in everything else, it was only necessary to mention the word water to these nice young men to see them shudder with horror and glance at each other in blank dismay.

Among the many conjectures that were advanced as to the reason of their antipathy to bathing in company of ladies was the one that their limbs were so attenuated (*i. e.*, skinny) that they were ashamed to show them in public.

Their jealous wives, hearing of this report, were not slow in increasing its circulation, in the hope that our friends would consequently be slighted by the fair sex.

How to expose the two male flirts was the question.

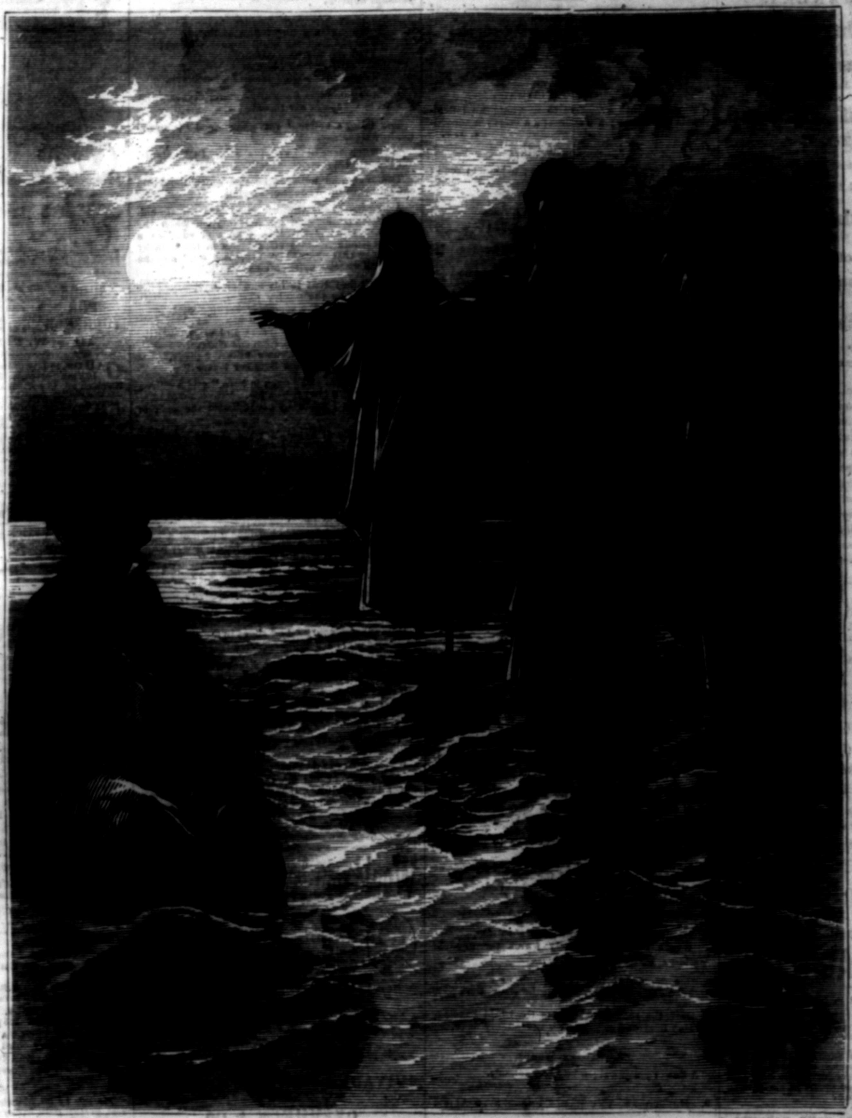
Long and earnestly did the slighted wives consult together, and at last hit upon a plan of action.

They managed to find out that their respective lords were in the habit of taking a quiet bathe just before midnight, and that they had selected one of the most unfrequented parts of the shore for their nocturnal plunges.

Among the visitors to the seaside resort was Mrs. Root's cousin, whose family was composed of four remarkably smart boys.

Tody, Tom, Jim and Edgar were the plagues of the place, up to any kind of deviltment and fun, and yet willing to do anything to assist a person who sympathized with them.

Now it happened that Mrs. Root did sympathize with them, and consequently they were ready to assist her in anything that she wished.



STORY OF TWO MODEST YOUNG MEN.—"ON THEY CAME UNTIL WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE TREMBLING BATHERS, WHEN, SUDDENLY POINTING AT THEM, THE FOUR FIGURES GROANED IN CHORUS: 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?'"

So Mrs. Tooker and Mrs. Root took the four boys into their confidence, and a grand plan of action was agreed upon.

Four days were spent in preparing for the battle and procuring the necessary articles for the execution of the jealous wives' revenge.

On the evening of the fifth day the boarding-house occupied by our flirting friends seemed to be unusually quiet. The four boys had retired at an early hour, and the ladies were preparing to do the same, when our two friends resolved to take advantage of the splendid moonlight night and take their usual plunge.

Seemingly without attracting any notice they crept out of the house and silently wended their way to the lonely part of the shore they had selected for their bathing-place.

With many a chuckle at the seeming stupidity of the female boarders, they rapidly undressed and donned their bathing-suits, and a minute later they were disporting themselves in the water.

This part of the beach was admirably suited for bathing purposes. The bottom was hard and firm, and instead of sloping rapidly into deep water, allowed the bathers to get a good distance from the shore without being out of their depth.

All went on very well at first; our friends were comfortably enjoying their bath when they were horribly frightened to see four black figures apparently floating through the air and making for the bathers.

The first thought that flashed across our two friends' minds was:

"Let us run for our clothes!"

But unhappily for the victims, the four black figures were sailing right across the place where they had undressed.

Our heroes turned deadly pale as they noticed that the black figures were apparently able to walk on the water.

On they came until within a few yards of the trembling bathers, when, suddenly pointing at them, the four figures groaned in chorus:

"What are you doing here?"

At the same moment a series of unearthly yells, cries, and shrieks broke out from the shore, evidently showing that there were some dozens of the ghosts' companions within hearing.

Tom Tooker clasped his hands in an agony of fear, and stammered out:

"We're only bathing, gentlemen—I mean ladies. We hope that we ain't doing any harm?"

"Yes, you are," replied the spirits. "Where are your wives?"

Here another series of unearthly cries came from the shore.

"They are safe in the boarding-house," stammered George Root.

"Why don't you bathe like the other people?" asked the spirits.

"Because—because—because. Oh, murder, let's run for it," yelled Tom Tooker, nearly dead with fear. And, suiting the action to the word, our two friends dashed away from the shore as if the very devil himself had been in their rear.

The spirits followed swiftly after them, accompanied by a regular howl from their friends.

The quiet little Summer resort was just sinking into sweet repose, when the whole neighborhood was startled to hear two shrieking men running about the different gardens in wild dismay.

At last some of the male visitors managed to secure the wanderers, and to their great surprise recognized George Root and Tom Tooker, dressed in bathing-costume only, and with bare feet, cut and bruised from their wild run.

All they could stammer out was, "The ghosts! the ghosts!"

They were tenderly conducted to their boarding-house and put to bed, amid the true sympathizing wishes of the other boarders, who, with their respective wives, listened in apparent wonder to their account of how they had been attacked by about a hundred black ghosts while bathing along the beach.

The next morning, while the boarders were anxiously expecting their appearence at the breakfast table, the proprietor of the house calmly announced that they had left the place very early in the morning, taking with them their clothes and a wig and a pair of false calves that had been found with their other effects on the spot they had used for bathing.

The secret of their dislike to bathing in company of the ladies was readily explained. They feared to expose their artificial adornments.

The same day the four boys were to be seen parading the place on stilts, and dressed in Ku-Klux adornments, explaining how they had cured George Root and Tom Tooker of flirting with the ladies, and how they had discovered the reason of their dislike to bathing in ladies' company.

It seems that our two friends had no sooner quitted the house on the eventful evening than they were followed by the four boys, and the whole of the party at the boarding-house, led by their wives, who had resolved to be revenged upon their respective spouses for the neglect they had suffered while the gentlemen had been flirting with the ladies.

Tom Tooker and George Root never "showed up" at that resort again, and their wives now state that they are the best-behaved husbands in the universe.

A BRIGHT BOY'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

THE Hartford correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says: "That was a pretty bright thought of one of the Battersons, who, when employed some years since as a lad in an office in New York, was sent to present a bill to a shaky concern, with orders to collect it at all hazards. After much urging the head of the debtor house gave him a check for a hundred dollars, the amount of the bill. Hurrying to the bank at which it was payable, the lad presented the check, only to be told, 'Not enough funds to meet it.' 'How much is the account short?' was the boy's quick retort. 'Seven dollars,' said the teller. It lacked but a minute or two of three o'clock, and the teller was about to close the door on the boy when the latter suddenly pulled seven dollars from his own pocket, and pushing it over with the deposit-check said, 'Put that to the credit of —— & Co.,' the parties who had given the check. The teller did so, when the lad at once presented the check for a hundred dollars, and drawing the full amount thereof, went back to his employers in triumph. But, as he puts it, '—— & Co., who failed the very next day, were hopping mad when they found they had no funds in their bank.'"

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IMPLEMENTS FOR FLOGGING.

WILLIAM III. is generally supposed to have invented, or rather to have introduced into England, the modern "cat." Before his time the whips used on the backs of sailors only had three thongs. The Romans had three whips with which to punish their slaves—the *ferula*, a flat strap of leather; the *scutica*, an instrument made of parchment, and the *flagellum*, which was made of plaited thongs of ox leather.

The Russians have or had the stick, the plet, and the knout. The plet is a whip made of strips of raw hide, with three lashes tipped with small leaden balls. The knout is a heavy leather thong, about eight feet in length, attached to a handle two feet long, the lash being about the breadth of a broad tape, and curved, so as to give two sharp edges along its entire length. It is bound with wire thread, the end terminating in a little hook.

In China the instrument of punishment is the bamboo, and as the following is one of the laws of that country, few escape its application: "Whoever shall observe a line of conduct that offends propriety, and that is contrary to the spirit of the laws, even without any special infraction of their enactments, shall be punished by forty blows, or eighty if the impropriety be very great."

The bastinado, which is so common in the East, is thus inflicted: Two men support between them a strong pole, which is kept in a horizontal position; about the middle of the pole are placed some cords, with two running nooses; through these the naked feet of sufferers are forced, and made tight in such a manner that the culprits' soles are fairly exposed; the patient is then thrown on his back, his feet inverted, which are forthwith beaten by a third man with a heavy stick.

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HOW SHAVING ORIGINATED.

THE custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion, but for a practical end. He knew that the soldiers of the Indus, when they encountered their foes, had a habit of grasping them by the beard, and so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterward shaving was practiced in the Macedonian army, and then among the Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it to the different European nations yet barbaric. In the Middle Ages, at the time of the Renaissance, shaving was introduced, and the habit was retained, though classicism gave place to romanticism, and that in its turn was replaced by realism. The beard was a source of trouble to Peter the Great, who, simultaneously with the introduction of his great reforms in Russia, tried to induce the people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects with the utmost persistence, and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disfigurement, as they believed, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of liberty. In several countries of Western Europe, and in the United States, the beard was restored to honor only about twenty years ago; but even yet a majority of men respect the custom introduced by Alexander the Great.